

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. IX.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1881.

NO. 20

TRIBUNE SPECIALS.

Comprising Important News Items Telegraphed to No Other Paper in the Northwest.

The Nominations for Cabinet Positions That will be Sent to the Senate Monday.

Windom's Return to the Senate Made Certain by the Action of the Republican Caucus.

A Caucus Nomination.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 20.—A senatorial caucus was held this evening, all the republicans of both houses with the exception of ten being present. Hon. C. B. Gould presented the name of Wm. Windom. Senator Pillsbury seconded the nomination. J. B. Sanborn presented the name of Lieut. Governor Gilman. A. C. Dunn was also nominated. The caucus then proceeded with an informal ballot with the following result: William Windom, 56; Charles L. Gilman, 28; A. C. Dunn, 12; W. D. Rice, 1; J. S. Pillsbury, 3; A. J. Edgerton, 3; H. Berger, 2; R. B. Langdon, 1. Whole number of votes 106. Necessary to a choice 54. Sen. R. B. Langdon then moved that William Windom be declared the nominee of the caucus by acclamation, which motion was carried with cheers.

The Cabinet.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 20.—The Tribune's Washington special says the personnel of the new cabinet, which will probably be sent in Monday, is now pretty well known and will be about as follows: For secretary of state, Frederick T. Freunling; secretary of war, Robert Lincoln; secretary of the navy, Senator Sargeant; secretary of the treasury, Gov. Morgan, New York; secretary of the interior, ex-Senator Howe; Postmaster general, James for the present, and then Gen. Longstreet. Attorney general, Boutwell, of Massachusetts. Friends of Boutwell, Sargent and Howe, assert that they know positively that these three gentlemen will be in the cabinet.

Don't Apply to North Dakota.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 18.—A gentleman who has been through the northwest reports to Dun & Co.'s agency that the unprecedented rains have done great damage to crops and the farmers are greatly delayed in their fall work and marketing. Grain, potatoes and oats are rotting in the field in many places. Much of the corn is sprouted in the sheaves. The damage to the wheat is very great.

A Dakota Railroad.

YANKTON, Oct. 18.—The Yankton & Le Mars railroad company was organized to day by the election of the following officers: President, C. E. Hudson; secretary, J. C. B. Harris; treasurer, G. A. Scoville, superintendent, J. L. Pennington. Immediate steps will be taken toward procuring the right of way, and if possible, grading will begin this fall.

High Water.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 19.—A Warsaw, Ill., dispatch says "The levee broke at a place called Copper slough, four miles above here. The water is now four inches higher than the big rise of the spring, and much damage will result to crops, hay and perhaps stock."

Unhappy Ireland.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19.—During the rioting last night a number of passengers in a train of cars attacked, were wounded. The police captured many prisoners.

Sixty policemen are now disabled from injuries received in the recent riots.

Commendable Action.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19.—Harvey, owner of the Randolph mills, was found criminally responsible for the loss of life in neglecting to furnish fire escapes. He has been committed to await the action of the district attorney.

The Lyceum.

The most interesting meeting yet was that held last evening. There was a recitation by Geo. Jennings; duet by Dr. Bigelow and Mrs. Goff; reading by Mr. Faunce; singing by Francis Johnson, who was heartily encored; reading by Miss Whitney; singing by Miss Sadie

E. Reed, assisted by Miss Whitney; duet by Mrs. Goff and Mr. Logan; reading by Mrs. Bull; song by Chas. Lewis, which was well received; quartette, by Mrs. Goff, Dr. Bigelow, Mrs. Hawley and Mr. Logan. Appropriate remarks were made by Col. Wm. Thompson and A. D. Pratt. The society meets again on next Thursday evening, on which occasion the question which was to have been debated upon last evening, will be taken up.

Long John's Advice.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Long John Wentworth tells a story about his stopping at a hotel in New York one night, and being kept awake by a man pacing the floor in the room above. Occasionally he would hear a moan of anguish, and he went up there, like a good Samaritan, to see if he could not relieve the sufferer.

"My friend," said Long John, gazing sympathetically at the haggard face of the stranger, "what can I do for you? Are you ill?"

"No."

"What ails you, then?"

"I have a note for \$10,000 coming due to-morrow, and I haven't a nickel to pay it with."

"Oh, pshaw," said Long John, "go to bed and let the other fellow do the walking."

Crow Dog.

[Sioux City Journal.]

Crow Dog, the killer of Spotted Tail, arrived in the city on yesterday morning's Pacific train in charge of Deputy Marshal Chas. A. Gray of Deadwood. Marshal John B. Raymond joined the party here, and together they went on to Yankton on the evening train. Crow Dog is not a particularly bad looking Sioux. It is understood that his case is to be up before the present term of court at Yankton, and that he will plead that he acted in self defense.

Who Can Excel It?

[Avant Courier.]

We are reliably informed that Z. Sales recently discovered, near the upper end of West Gallatin Canyon, what promises to be a very valuable coal mine. The vein crops out prominently to the surface, is about eight feet thick, and is said to be remarkably solid and clear of earthy substances. If on development it justifies present expectations, the value of the discovery to Bozeman and Gallatin country can hardly be overestimated.

Heartless Information.

[Duluth Tribune.]

W. D. Smith would respectfully inform the citizens of Mandan and Fort Lincoln that he has just received an elegant new hearse.—Bismarck TRIBUNE.

This is a piece of heartless information. Smith. Do you expect the aforesaid citizens are going to die right off just to use that infernal hearse of yours?

Neither Children or Dogs.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Nowadays, when you see a husband and wife together in public, you make up your mind that there are neither children nor lap dogs in the family. If such were the case, the husband would be left with the children while the wife went out with the dog.

N. P. Commissioners.

Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the North Pacific railroad, went west to arrange for the reception of the United States commissioners who are to examine and report on 100 miles of road just completed. In this report will depend its acceptance by the United States government, and the issuance of patents for land grants along the line of the completed road.

Harmony in Colors.

Men don't know anything about harmony in colors. The other day a young man at a picnic at Vinegar Hill sat down in a cream-colored custard pie, with a pair of snuff-brown pantaloons. Everybody's taste was outraged. So was the pie.

Two Reasons.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business; and the second is that they would have no mind to bring to it if they had. This kind of humanity is as common as three meals a day.

A Baby Mine.

"Baby Mine," shouted Conductor McAllister yesterday as the train rolled up in front of Bly's coal mine. "I thought as much," said a young lady passenger, "I see eight in front of one house."

STOPPED BY BUFFALO.

Yesterday's Train Brought to a Halt by Excited Bison.

The passengers on last evening's train from the Yellowstone had an experience exceedingly rare. When about two miles from Sentinel Butte, the dividing line between Montana and Dakota, a herd of sixteen buffalo were seen a short distance ahead, within easy rifle range. There were several soldiers on board with army rifles and numerous small revolvers were also pointed toward the excited bison. A perfect volley of lead was poured into the herd, but to no effect. They bounded away over the divide and were soon out of sight. The passengers had no sooner begun the discussion of what they had seen in years gone by, when a danger signal from the locomotive brought everyone to the lookout. A herd of twenty or thirty buffalo were making directly for the train, and fearing the engine would strike them and be thrown from the track, the air brakes were set and the train nearly brought to a stand still, while the buffalo crossed the track a few feet ahead. Every gun was again leveled. Such excitement cannot be described. Bullets flew in every direction, some striking the ground as near as ten feet from the train, others raising the dust a mile distant. The train moved on slowly, and the volleys of lead continued to pour from the guns of the excited passengers. Finally the smoke cleared away and the buffalo could be seen about half a mile away trotting along as unconcerned as though they had never seen a railroad train. The disgusted passengers drew in their weapons and spent the rest of the day arguing as to the probable amount of lead that a buffalo will carry before he will weaken. Pictures of railroad trains passing through herds of buffalo are numerous, but the actual experience is one of which the passengers may feel proud. They were probably but straggling bands from the north herd which is forty or fifty miles north of the track. From Sentinel Butte east to Pleasant Valley (Dickinson) at least five hundred antelope were seen, which is but a daily occurrence. Verily, the North Pacific is the sportsman's paradise.

GUITEAU'S PLEA.

What the Assassin Would Have Said in Court if He Could.

A special to the Pioneer gives the following as the statement which Guitau had prepared to read to the court if the judge had not headed him off:

If the court please, I wish to say that I have been terribly villified by the press, and it has made some persons bitter and impulsive against me. On October 6 the New York Herald published seven columns from my autobiography, which I expect to publish in book form. Aside from the pertinent statements that I am a creature of the greatest vanity and that I crave notoriety, which are absolutely false, and similar unkind statements, I am indebted to the reporter and the Herald for giving me so fair a hearing immediately. I plead not guilty—not guilty to the indictment, and my defense is three fold:

First—Insanity, that it was God's act and not mine. The divine pressure on me to remove the president was so enormous that it destroyed my free agency, and therefore I am not legally responsible for my act.

Second—The president died from malpractice. About three weeks after he was shot, his physicians, after a careful examination, decided that he would recover. Two months after this official announcement he died. Therefore I say he was not fatally shot. If he had been well treated he would have recovered.

Third—The president died in New Jersey, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of this court. This malpractice and the president's death in New Jersey are special providences, and I am bound to avail myself of them on my trial, in justice to the Lord and myself.

I undertake to say that the Lord is managing my case with consummate ability and that he had a special object in allowing the president to die in New Jersey. His management of this case is worthy of Him as a Deity, and I have entire confidence in His disposition to protect me and send me forth to the world as a free and vindicated man. "He uttereth his voice," said the psalmist, "and the earth melted." This is the God I served when I sought to remove the president. The

Lord and the people do not seem to agree in this case. The people consider the removal of the president as an unbearable outrage, and me a dastardly assassin, and they prayed the Lord to spare the president. For nearly three months the Lord kept the president at the point of death and then allowed him to depart, thereby confirming my act. The mere fact of the president's death is nothing. All men have died and will die. Gen. Burnside died suddenly about the time the president died. The president and Gen. Burnside were both splendid men, and no one regrets their departure more than I. The president died from malpractice and Gen. Burnside from apoplexy. Both were special providences, and the people ought to quietly submit to the Lord in the matter. The president would not have died had not the Lord wished him to go. I have no conception of it as a murder or an assassination. I had no feeling of wrong doing when I sought to remove him, because it was God's act and not for the good of the American people. I plead not guilty to the indictment.

An Obstinate Bride.

[Little Rock Gazette.]

The other night a young man from northern Arkansas and a young lady from the southern part of the state, met at a hotel in this city and were married. After the ceremony the young man went out and sat in front of the hotel, while his wife went up to the room assigned as the bridal chamber.

"This thing of getting married is a lifetime business," he said, addressing a man who had just been divorced from his wife. "I reckon you have found it so," he added, turning to a single man. "Well, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I don't better hate to go up there, too. But I never was afeared of a man, an' I don't see why I should be afeared of a woman."

He went up and rapped at the door. "Who is there?" demanded the girl.

"It's me."

"Who's me?"

"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"

"No, I don't."

"It's your own wide-awake and livin' husband. Let me in."

"Go away from that door; you shan't come in here. Fain't got acquainted with you yet."

"Say, let me in. Them fellows down stairs air laughin' at me. Open the door, fur I'm sleepy," and he yawned like a man waiting for a night train.

"Thought you said that you were wide awake?"

"I was while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you goin' to open this door?"

"No, I ain't."

"Why did you marry me?"

"'Cause I wanted to."

"Well, why don't you let me in?"

"'Cause I don't want to."

"All right, old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill. I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her. "It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, fur I was raised at the cross roads an' went to mill early."

Hard Year on Worms.

Old Uncle Mose went into Levi Schaumburg's store on Austin avenue, to buy a silk handkerchief, but was almost paralyzed on learning the price. Levi explained that the high price of silk goods was caused by some disease among the silk worms. "How much does yer ask for dis hea piece ob tape?" "Ten cents," was the reply. "Ten cents! Jewhilkins! ob de tape has riz, too—I spose de cause ob dat em, because dar's sumfin de matter wid de tape wums. Dis seems to be gwine ter be a mighty tough year on wums, anyhow."

Ringmaster or President.

It has been said that a small boy is a man in a roundabout way, and that children are sent into the world to teach us how lovely angels are; but when a man finds himself pasted to the seat of the chair by a piece of spruce gum he never thinks of this. Still, in later years, as a man sees pictures of the past in the rising smoke clouds of his cigar, he thinks of the period of his life when he would rather have been a ringmaster in a circus than president of the United States.

Might Betray.

An Irish lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national accent that she is reported to have spoken of the "creature of Vesuvius," fearing that the "crater" would betray her origin.

THE BENTON.

A Tribune Correspondent Sends in a Report in Advance of the Arrival.

Incidents of the Trip and the Unusually Large Passenger List—Personal Mention.

An Attack by Indians at the Mouth of the Musselshell—A Season's Record.

News From Up River.

Editor Tribune:

STEAMER BENTON, one hundred miles above Bismarck, October 17, 1881.—We waived you a kind adieu on the 10th inst. on an up stream voyage and with a handsome cargo, as usual, made a successful and speedy run to within fifteen miles of Little Muddy, where we met and exchanged trips with the steamer Butte, Captain Johnson on the roof, and are now coming back to you—the daisy Benton walking the waters like a thing of life, with one of the most handsome passenger lists that have passed down the old Muddy in many a day ago. A glance in her tasty saloon reminds one of some beautiful flower garden filled with rare exotics—all breathing forth fragrance and loveliness rivaling even the sweet scented "gates of Araby." In a word her cabin is just one bouquet of beauty. Among others we note Miss Fannie Hopkins, an accomplished brunette of St. Louis; also Mrs. Edgar and daughter, Miss Anna McKinney, W. R. Prye, Paschat Carr, all of the same place, and all of whom, as one party, came up on the Red Cloud, and have been "doing" the far west. Again there are Daniel Samples and wife, T. J. Meade, S. P. Cowan, B. W. Goodrich, George Hopkins, D. F. Barry, Lieut. O'Brien, of the Second cavalry, with a detachment of six men and five prisoners, all en route to Fort Snelling, where it hath been "ordered and decreed" that the said prisoners, for the heinous crime of desertion, be confined for the term of two years at hard labor. Again, we have Martin Revels and Kruse, Rufus Payne of Benton, who visits the states and the land of his birth for the first time in twenty seven years. A stranger, indeed, he will be amid ten thousand strangers. He leads Rip Van Winkle by seven years. Then there are E. Bougher, W. H. Murphy, E. E. Whitcomb, F. Mc. Donough, F. H. Young, J. P. Walker, J. C. Martin, P. J. Dewitt, Jno. Mendell, Col. D. G. Only, the cultivated under from off the Butte, bound for Leavenworth. Nor must we fail to note Mr. Florence Mahoney, one of the oldest landmarks along the "turbid tide," who goes to Kansas soon to return to the land of his adoption. Robt. C. Matthews is at Little Muddy with 3,000 bushels of the finest oats we have seen. Pity 'tis that Dakota and Montana have not tens of thousands of just such men as "Bob" Matthews. Have met with two blinding snow storms and contended with winds of no ordinary character. In some respects found the channel more clearly defined than on our last trip, yet in many instances found the water both treacherous and miserably deceptive. What the future may have rolled up in its scroll for the dandy Benton we are to-night, in ignorance of. Her race for the season of 1881, is well nigh complete. The curtain must soon be rung down, leaving a splendid record for work well done, of services faithfully performed. A record of the fastest down stream time between Benton and your loveliest "village of the plain," that has ever been accomplished, as well as for the largest and handsomest passenger list and cargoes of freight. She wears the horns and floats the "penant blue" as the flag ship of the line. Capt. John M. Gilham is her accomplished commander, with the ever urbane Joe Kennedy in the office, the old veteran Milt Pickering and his modest associate, Harry Dawson, who handles the throttle, Charlie Dietz, the generalissimo of the fore-castle and Hugh Lee, the attentive steward, while the celebrated French Cook, Harry Skinner—skins the culinary department. At the mouth of the Musselshell, a few days since a body of "Cree" braves assaulted, with intent to kill, several "shacks" Lieut. Floyd is on the war path, and information hath it, that the "Crees" are fleeing to the Canadian border. Such are the Nations Wards!

IMPERFECT PAGE

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA

THE DAY'S DOINGS.

Condensed from the Most Reliable Telegraphic Dispatches up to the Time of Going to Press with this Side of our Paper.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

The surveying party that has been running for the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad company, a line from Rush City to St. Cloud, after covering twenty-six miles from the former place, has been ordered to abandon the work, and to survey a new route from St. Cloud to Hinckley, on the St. Paul & Duluth road. This route is twenty miles further than by Rush City, the line being sixty-eight miles long. It is, however, through a much better country for a railroad, being more level and free from swamps. It is understood that the company will let the contract this winter to clear the right of way and have everything ready for grading in the spring.

The Fergus Falls Journal, editorially, reports a probable compromise between the Manitoba and Black Hills companies regarding the Pelican Valley route. The Journal says it is believed the contest has been compromised to "result in the withdrawal of the injunction suits and the completion of both lines of road to the Rapids and beyond at no distant day."

Articles of incorporation of the Duluth street railway company, capital stock \$1,000,000 have been filed in the office of the secretary of state. The name of the incorporators are Frank W. Eaton, Chas. M. Wilson, Alois Ebner and W. M. Bilson, all of Duluth, and S. L. Bayless of St. Paul.

OUR CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

Jack Williams, a negro convicted at Drangleburg, S. C., recently for an outrage upon a white girl aged eleven, was taken from jail Wednesday morning and hanged. The jury, through a misunderstanding, rendered a verdict of guilty with a recommendation to mercy. Under the statute such recommendation reduces punishment from death to life imprisonment, and the prisoner was sentenced Wednesday accordingly. The public, incensed against the jury, determined the prisoner should never reach the penitentiary. The crime was revolting in details and the prisoner confessed his guilt. The following was found across the breast of the body of Williams, painted in large letters on a piece of white homespun: "Our wives, mothers, sisters and daughters shall be protected, the decision of a bungling jury to the contrary notwithstanding."

While the family of Herman Westfall at Hannibal, Mo., was seated at the breakfast table they were suddenly attacked with sickness and commenced vomiting. Mr. Westfall, whose back seemed the lightest, went on a horse and summoned the physicians, who suspected the cause to be eating poisonous food. Mrs. Westfall died and the hired man is not expected to live. A dish of oat meal, which had been prepared by a colored servant with whom there had previously been trouble, was thought to have been poisoned with arsenic.

Geo. H. Burchard, the crank who attempted to shoot Guitau when he was arranged, was an inmate of the soldiers' home at Milwaukee until July last, when he suddenly disappeared. He was a member of the Forty-sixth Ohio volunteers, and was an inmate of the Dayton home before he was transferred to this. He was arrested and fined for drunkenness several times while in Milwaukee. He was regarded as a crazy, drunken loafer while in the home, and is almost the same stamp of a crank as Guitau.

O. H. Kauffman, of St. Paul, has disappeared, and it is considered certain that he jumped from a bridge into the river and was drowned. Mr. Kauffman has been in ill health for some time, was very poor, and almost blind. He had failed in business, and it was difficult for him to get a living. Altogether life looked very dark and uninviting to him, as was easily gathered from letters, where reference is made to the condition of his health.

The sheriff of Grant county offers a reward of \$200 for information that will lead to the capture of two men supposed to have murdered John Graham, October 8.

Johnny Lamb, charged with the murder of Officer Rice, has been tried and acquitted at Chicago.

Wm. Ginzemer, while forcing his way into a hotel, was shot dead by the proprietor, John Miller.

WEEKLY RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

At Philadelphia on Wednesday night, Charles H. Londerberger's mill, owned by Joseph Harvey, 1711 Randolph street was burned. The shrieks of the people in the building when escape was cut off were heartrending. Most of them jumped to the sidewalk and a few escaped by the elevator rope. Mattie Conlon, Frederick Mieh, Geo. Dougherty, H. H. Conlon, Joseph Reynolds and an unknown girl were badly burned about the faces, and arms, and were taken to St. Mary's hospital, where their injuries are pronounced dangerous. All suffered from inhaling smoke or flame. Matilda Schultz, Annie Miller, Samuel Lapham, Geo. R. Hutton, Kate Shafer, Lizzie Franks, Annie Brady, Mike Parker and an unknown man were also injured, but not seriously. They were taken home. Joseph Glatier is missing. It is believed that half those injured will die.

Eighty-five vessels, principally British, were lost off the coast of the United Kingdom during the recent gale, against only twenty wrecks in the early part of the week in all parts of the world. One hundred and thirty British and foreign vessels were wrecked last week, an increase of 104 over the previous week. The approximate value of property lost, £20,000,000, of which £2,000,000 represents British losses. One hundred and thirty-eight persons are reported lost or missing. Accounts received subsequent to the compilation of these statistics state that down to last evening fifty-nine fishermen belonging to Barmouth and Eyemouth are known to have been drowned, and 140, others belonging to other places, are missing.

Last Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock as a freight train of the Sioux City road was going west the locomotive struck a cow on the track two miles north of St. Peter. It was thrown off the track, together with ten cars loaded with lumber and general merchandise. Thomas O'Brien of St. Paul, and a brakeman named James Johnson, belonging in Mankato, were instantly killed. O'Brien was about twenty-two years old, and single. His remains were carried to St. Paul. Johnson's remains were conveyed to Mankato. A Mr. Finn of St. Peter was injured in the back, but not dangerously.

A fire at Humboldt, Tenn., destroyed twenty-nine stores, including two squares on both sides of Main street; also the Humboldt furniture factory, post office, and Western Tennessee Argus office. The entire business portion of the city was burned. The fire originated in a furniture factory, and spread with such rapidity that nothing could be done to check it. Loss, \$175,000; insurance, not over \$16,000.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The most significant act of President Arthur's administration is the request for First Assistant Postmaster General Tyner's resignation. It appears that our thrifty statesman from Northern Indiana, made a tour of star routes, discovered the frauds of the service, prepared an elaborate report supported by a damning record of criminality, but instead of reporting the same to the department, he held it over Brady and others, levied black mail and became a party to the frauds. Postmaster General James has regarded Tyner with the eye of suspicion from the start and it is said he made up his mind to resign unless his obnoxious assistants should be removed, but having secured the damning proof of Tyner's guilt he secured that worthy's withdrawal from the department instead.

Drs. Moses Gunn and Edmund Andrews of Chicago, both of whom are included in the list of medical gentlemen whom Counselor Geo. S. Villard wishes to have examined on the point of malpractice in the case of the late President Garfield, both unhesitatingly declared that they know of no reason why the counsel for Guitau could require their testimony unless it be that he desires to secure a delay in the trial. Neither of these gentlemen has expressed an opinion upon the medical treatment of the late president that will justify the grounds assumed by the counsel in calling for their evidence at the forthcoming trial.

The star route conspirators are greatly worried because Mr. James has been asked by the president to remain until their cases are disposed of. The star route organs here have lately become bolder in their vilification of the postmaster general and his subordinate officers. An evening paper accuses the prosecution of having paid fraudulent claims of certain contractors against the department in consideration of the contractors giving evidence as to the frauds perpetrated under Brady's regime on their routes.

Senator Mahone was denounced as a coward and a liar by Gen. Early, of Virginia, at a political meeting in Richmond; at least, so a report of the meeting in a Richmond paper, which Morgan, of Alabama, read to a little group of senators, shows. Gen. Early and Mr. Mahone have had differences before which led to arrangements for a hostile meeting, but the present senator from Virginia made an explanation which was deemed sufficient by Early.

First Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, third cavalry, the discoverer of the Franklin relics in the Arctic regions, has been ordered to report in person to Brig. General Miles, commanding the department of the Columbia, for duty as aide-de-camp.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

At the late meeting of the stockholders of the Western Union Telegraph company. Over \$66,000,000 stock was voted. The following officers of the company were re-elected by the board of directors: president, Norvin Green; vice presidents, Eckert, Van Horne, Schell and Durkee. The annual report for the year ending June 30 last shows receipts of \$14,060,806. After providing for dividends, a surplus of \$1,272,580 remained. President Green closes his report as follows: "The gross earnings of the company for the ensuing year cannot be less than \$15,000,000, and the net profits can scarcely fall below \$6,500,000. The earnings are now, and have been for the first quarter, just closed, at a rate considerably above the figures named." Gen. Thos. T. Eckert was re-elected general manager.

The following from the pen of George W. Gorham himself appears in the Washington Republican: "In order that the alleged minds of sundry neighbors may be set at rest on the subject, the information is hereby volunteered that Mr. Gorham has not retired from the candidacy for secretary of the senate, for which office he was nominated in March last by the unanimous vote of a full caucus of republican senators. Furthermore, it is well enough to say that Mr. Gorham will not retire, preferring to remain in the field until a majority of the senate shall elect him or some other person to the place."

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, preached in St. James Episcopal chapel, in St. James place, Brooklyn, N. Y., last Thursday evening. He did something of the number of missions which he had aided in establishing among the heathen, of the success which had crowned the efforts of the missionaries in their difficult fields of labor. A great many of the Chippewa and Sioux now not only attended the church services, but are received as communicants, and Bishop Whipple thinks there is every reason to hope that in time the Indians may be actually Christianized, and not upon the white models which have been sent them in the guise of traders.

Capt. Simon Snyder, Fifth Infantry, who left Fort Keogh ten days ago with three companies of mounted infantry to prevent a threatened collision between the Yanktonians Indians and a party of white hunters who were reported to be engaged in slaughtering the buffalo near the source of the Redwater river, has forwarded dispatches stating that his scouting parties have thus far failed to find any number of men destroying the game in the locality reported, and that he believes the reports have been greatly exaggerated. The detachment is still in the field and will continue the search for the intruders.

Rev. D. Thomas preached in Chicago last Sunday, and alluding to his recent expulsion from the Methodist church he said, notwithstanding that circumstance the conference could not deprive him of his ministerial functions, and these he intended to continue in the exercise of. He stated his firm determination to appeal from the Red River conference to the judicial conference.

The Wisconsin river at Kilbourn City, Wis., rose five feet since Saturday morning, and at Stevens Point about six feet. The inhabitants of the latter place are at a state of intense excitement over the state of affairs. The river is full of floating logs which were torn from the banks by the extremely swift current, and fears are entertained that much damage has been done.

The opinion is freely expressed at Chicago that King's balloon is not lost, but it is being purposely secluded to further the purpose of the firm which sent it as an advertisement. The theory is strengthened by the fact that Mrs. King, wife of the aeronaut, has started east, which she would not be likely to do were her husband lost in a western wilderness.

The New York democratic state convention resulted in a harmonious ticket representing the various factions. Secretary of State—Wm. F. Powell; Controller—J. H. Lapham; Attorney General—Roosevelt A. Parmenter; Treasurer—Robert A. Maxwell; State Engineer—Thomas Evershed; Judge of the Court of Appeals—Ex-Archbishop Sheenmaker.

Difficulty having occurred between some settlers on a portion of the Menomonee reservation in Manitoba and the Dominion government, the latter decided to allow the settlers to remain on the land on the payment of \$3 per acre. A prominent Menomonee settler says the Menomonees threatened to move to Dakota if the payment is enforced.

Col. Walker of the lumbermen states that the cut of logs next winter on the upper Mississippi and its tributaries will be at least 20 per cent. below the estimate made a month since. The boom in prices of supplies has discouraged a good many who had intended going into the woods.

Senator Windom says he has no intention to go to St. Paul at present, as it would be impossible for him to leave until his successor is appointed and confirmed. He will leave his interests in the pending senatorial contest wholly to the cares of his friends.

Gen. Mahone has written Gen. Early saying that the latter may proceed with his falsehoods and would be insults so far as he, "Mahone," is concerned.

The grand total of C. W. Field's fund raised for Mrs. Garfield is \$337,851. Gifts direct to Mrs. Garfield will increase this sum to over \$400,000.

Postoffices have been established at Rockton, D. T., and Park Rapids, Minn.

Gen. John Fremont has resigned as governor of Arizona.

Ex-Gov. McCormick is dangerously ill in New York.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

Last Thursday morning, after conferring with his fellow ministers, M. Jules Ferry, minister of public instruction, in France, visited President Grevy, and informed him that in view of the approaching meeting of the newly elected assembly, the cabinet had resolved to request the president to accept their resignations and to ask Gambetta to form a new ministry which should be perfectly in accord with the majority of the new assembly. The president made some feeble protests, but a perfect understanding was at that time arrived at, dependent only on Gambetta. Gambetta is now engaged in perfecting the arrangements which have been agreed upon.

Lord Cairlingford, (Liberal), who as Chester Fortescue was twice chief secretary for Ireland, speaking at Ladbroke recently, said there was no ground left for argument between the government and people on one side and the land league and its leaders on the other; that the league leaders had unhappily chosen to carry the issue into quite a different field of force. He trusted and believed there would be no armed insurrection in Ireland and that the settlement would compel armed force to shed blood, but still the methods of the league were such as could only be met by force in some shapes.

In Limerick Sunday night rioting was renewed. Three companies of the Sixty-seventh regiment escorted Abram, treasurer of the Limerick league, to jail. The occupants of the houses stoned the police as they passed. After lodging Abram in jail the police again charged and fired on the mob on High street. In Dublin rioting was renewed Sunday night. The police were compelled to retreat over Carlisle bridge under a shower of stones. At Charleville, county Cork, the police were stoned. The riot act was read and the military cleared the streets. Thirty-five arrests were made.

The power of the English government and the utterly helpless condition of the Irish people in any scheme of common resistance was never more terribly contrasted than in the secrecy, the suddenness, the complete success of this arrest, and the dazed helplessness with which the Irish people were compelled to learn of it in the presence of an armed force that seemed in a moment to have swarmed all over the country and taken complete possession.

The police returns of agrarian outrages for September, have just been received. Total number of offenses, 387. Cork heads the list with 53; Roscommon and Clare have each 28; Kerry 27; Galway, 23; Leitrim, 21; Mayo, 20; Limerick, 19; Monaghan, Kilkenny, and West Meath, 15 each. The refinement of cruelty was reached at Kantark, where a man named Sullivan was arrested for putting needles into potatoes which he was giving to cattle of Boycotted farmers.

James Paine, secretary, and other prominent members of the Widdelton (Cork) league, Lemon, secretary, and O'Toole, member of the Talloven (Dublin county) branch, Lyman, organizer of the King's and Queen's county and Westmeath leagues, White, secretary of the Clare league, and Leary Egan, secretary of the Thurston league, have all been lodged in the Naas jail. The authorities contemplate arrests in Belfast and other parts of north Ireland.

A Dublin dispatch is as follows: There are now 32,000 soldiers and 13,000 of the armed constabulary under arms in the country and a peasant war would be a horrible sacrifice. Flying columns and horse artillery are under orders at large garrison towns, and any attempt at insurrection would be struck down on the instant. The excitement over the arrest of Parnell is increasing all over Ireland.

The matter is getting very serious for Mr. Parnell and his associates. It now transpires that the warrants for their arrest charge them with treason. The evidence to support this charge is furnished by the treachery of an ex-member of the land league, who has revealed its secret plans to the government.

A council of war has been formed, headed by Gen. Steele, to consider the military situation of Ireland. It is contemplated to increase the foot guards three battalions. The Second Dragoon guards will be retained at Longford. The municipal council of Berlin decided to lend the great hall of the municipality for memorial services for President Garfield.

The details of the hurricane in England show that it has been the most disastrous for years.

KING'S BIG BALLOON.

Ascension at Chicago in a Gust of Wind—Its Progress Northwest.

Professor King, who was to have gone east from Bill King's fair grounds in Minneapolis, but did not get more than six miles away, made a successful ascension at Chicago on Thursday, with Professor Hashagen of the signal service. The balloon had been constantly surging back and forth, and trying to get away, and as several of the men let go at the signal, the buoyancy of the balloon was too great for the others, and—crack went the rope, and like a swallow from its nest the balloon shot from its mooring into space. The start was so sudden that both the occupants were nearly jerked out, but they saved themselves by clinging to the ropes. The great airship swept with the swiftness of a bird before the wind, southwest by south. The balloon ascended at first at a very low angle, but starting as the breaking of the rope and the suddenness of the start had been, Professor King was apparently unconcerned, as before the few seconds it took for the balloon to rise to a Michigan avenue he had jumped into the basket. The balloon shot quickly toward the clouds and stood proudly on its way. It looked magnificent as it soared away. In almost a moment it had gone so far and so high that the figures of its human freight were unrecognizable.

On Friday dispatches were received that the balloon had been seen at Princeton, Ill., Sparta, Wis., at other places.

Witty Wails.

Said Senator Bayard to Judge Jera Black lately: "Why, Black, how young you look! You are not as gray as I am, and you must be twenty years older." "Humph!" said the judge, "Good reason! Your hair comes by descent and I get mine by purchase."

Home, sweet home: We would respectfully suggest the following title for a parody on a popular song: Empty is the body, the milkman is gone.

Progress of electric science: Evident signs of an electric current running through the body of the saule. Every time the ears go down, the heels go up.

Criticism: "That was all written for effect," said Brown, throwing down the paper contemptuously. "Beg pardon," said Fogg, "It was written for five dollars a column."

A country merchant, who does all his trading in Austin, came to town last week to notify his creditors that he had failed in business, and could only pay ten cents on the dollar. Among his creditors was Mose Schaumburg. The merchant went to Mose, and said to him:—Mose, I am paying my creditors ten cents, in cash, on the dollar, but I don't want you to lose anything. I have not opened that last lot of goods I bought from you, so I'll just return them to you instead of paying you ten cents on the dollar. I am willing to do that, because I am your friend." Mose grinned and said: "EE-you was a good friend by me, den you will bay me ten cents on de dollar, in cash. I makes more moneys so, den ven I takes the goods back." This little incident will give the public an idea of how much profit there is in mercantile pursuits.—Texas Siftings.

CONGRESS.

Proceedings of the Extra Session of the Senate.

WEDNESDAY OCT. 12.

President Arthur sent the following nominations to the senate: Wm. W. Dudley of Indiana, commissioner of pensions; Otis P. Clarke of Rhode Island, first deputy commissioner of pensions; J. B. Walker of Indiana, deputy commissioner of pensions; N. C. McFarland of Kansas, commissioner of the general land office; C. H. Howard of Illinois, Indian inspector; J. Brown of New York, United States district judge of New York; G. M. Dashi of Alabama, attorney of the United States southern district of Louisiana; R. S. Foster of Indiana, United States marshal for the district of Indiana; R. C. Phillips of Arkansas, receiver of public moneys at Harrison, Ark.; G. Spencer of Minnesota, Indian agent at Crow Creek agency. Postmasters—Edward A. Reed, Erie, Pa.; J. D. Plancy, Vicksburg; Truman D. Strait, Shakopee, Minn.; G. F. Witor, Grand Rapids, Wis.; J. S. Yates, Kalamazoo, Mich.; J. T. Harrison, Decatur, Mich.; J. Spoford, Huntington, W. Va.; J. P. Holdsworth, Harris, Mo.; A. D. Austin, Butler, Mo.; A. B. Help, Maroon, Ky.

After a little debate on various matters without deciding anything the senate adjourned.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13TH.

In the senate, immediately after reading the journal, a number of nominations were received from the president, including, among others—

Hannibal Hamlin, as minister to Spain; Walter Blaine, third assistant state secretary; Mark S. Brewer, of Michigan, consul general to Berlin; Consul: Arthur H. Harrison, Sinti ago; Winfield Scott Bird, Alabama, Lodanyra; R. H. T. Holley, Vermont, Barbadoes; James W. Silor, Indiana, Capetown; Henry S. Lessara, Missouri, Port Stanley; Dealsa S. Alexander, Indiana, fifth auditor of the treasury; Benj. P. Davis of Massachusetts, deputy fourth auditor of the treasury; Jacob H. Ela, New Hampshire, auditor of the treasury of the postoffice department; R. F. Crowell, Minnesota, deputy auditor of the treasury of the postoffice department; Henry A. Kennedy, of Maine; collector of customs at Waldborough, Me; T. M. Broadwater, Mississippi, collector of customs at Vicksburg; Wm. Guverneur Morris, California, collector of customs in Alaska; Howard M. Ketchum, Wisconsin, collector of internal revenue for the Third district of Wisconsin; Lindley Wilson, postmaster, Perry, Io. The senate in executive session to day confirmed Hon. Hannibal Hamlin as minister to Spain.

After the executive session there was a little political session occasioned by a motion of Senator Logan that David Davis be elected president pro tem in place of Bayard. No speech or voice of opposition was raised except by Senator Jones of Florida, who protested against ousting Mr. Bayard from the chair. No reply was made to Mr. Jones' remarks, the senate recording its judgment on that question by electing Senator Davis president pro tem by a majority of the votes.

Senator Harris appointed Senators Bayard and Anthony, the two men who have been so curiously eulogized out of the position to which they aspired, to conduct Mr. Davis to the chair, where he made a short speech, announcing his entire independence of obligation to anybody.

Mr. Edmunds: I move that the thanks of the senate be expressed to Hon. Thos. F. Bayard for the dignity and impartiality with which he has presided over this body by the short period he has done so. [Low sarcastic laughter on the democratic side] I am sorry to see senators smile. I am actually in earnest. The senator from Delaware came to the chair under circumstances of excitement and trial, and though his career has been short, I, as one of his political adversaries, in all sincerity wish to express my obligation to him for the impartiality with which he has conducted the duties assigned him.

The motion of Senator Edmunds was adopted, and after a little important business the senate adjourned. David Davis, after adjournment remarked that he would not assist either by vote or not voting, to displace any democratic official, and that he would vote to give the democrats the secretary of the senate. He added he intended to vote in the future as he did in the past, in accordance with his own judgment. When the proposition to elect him was formally submitted, Davis declared he would not except it except unconditionally.

FRIDAY OCT. 14.

The resolutions offered yesterday by Mr. Lamar, relative to the inter-oceanic canal, was adopted; as was also the resolution offered by Mr. Edmunds directing the judiciary committee to inquire whether the proceedings for the extradition of Vincenz Rabbello had been proper and in accordance with the law.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sherman, calling on the secretary of the treasury for the report of J. T. McLaughlin, was laid over one day.

The president sent the following nominations to the senate: Capt. John G. Walker, Iowa, chief of the bureau of navigation, navy department; Wm. C. Raum, Mississippi, United States marshal, southern district of Mississippi; Chas. N. Webb, register of land office, Deadwood, D. T. The senate confirmed Walker Blaine, third assistant secretary of the state, and a number of United States consuls and postmasters.

SATURDAY, OCT. 15.

The senate confirmed the nomination of Noah C. McFarland of Kansas, commissioner of the general land office; W. Sidler of Indiana, United States consul at Cape Town, and a large number of postmasters—among them John M. Miller of Clarinda, Io.

The senate proceedings were devoid of interest, and the senate at 12:20 went into executive session, and when the doors opened adjourned.

The senate agreed to take a recess from Monday until noon on Friday next.

MONDAY, OCT. 18TH.

After the senate was called to order Mr. Sherman called up his resolution directing the secretary of the treasury to transmit to the senate the report of the investigation made by Mr. Windom's direction into the management of the department. Mr. Farley, of California, asked that consideration of the resolution be postponed until Friday next. Mr. Sherman could not see why the delay was necessary, but he acceded to Mr. Farley's request.

The president pro tem filled vacancies on committees as follows:

Foreign affairs, Aldrich and Lapham, in place of Burnside and Conkling; finances, Aldrich in place of Burnside; commerce, Miller of New York in place of Conkling; military affairs, Hawley in place of Burnside; judiciary, Teller of Colorado in place of Conkling; postoffices and roads, Miller in place of Platt; education and labor, Aldrich in place of Burnside; engrossed bills, Miller of New York in place of Conkling; transportation routes to the seaboard, Lapham in place of Platt; enrolled bills, Sewall, in place of Platt; privileges and elections, Lapham, in place of Teller.

The nominations sent to the senate were: Frank M. Eastman, District of Columbia, attorney of the United States for Montana; Oliver P. Temple, postmaster, Knoxville Tenn.; A. W. Cottrell, Michigan, receiver of public moneys, Detroit; Chas. H. Gould, Nebraska, receiver of public moneys Miles City, M. T.; Alex. Meggett, Wisconsin, register of the land office, Eau Claire; John Cronin, Minnesota, register of land office, Crookston; C. W. Pierce, Nebraska, register of land office, Lincoln; G. W. Wilkins, Nebraska, agent for Indians at Omaha and Winnebago agency, Nebraska.

The senate confirmed R. G. Holley, Vermont, United States consul, Barbadoes; Septimus J. Harne, register of lands, Leadville, Col.; A. C. Phillips, receiver of public moneys, Horizon, Ark.; postmasters, O. D. Austin, Butler, Mo.; J. P. Holdsworth, Paris, Mo.; Indiana agents, Augustine Brosius, Pa., Great Nebraska agency, Nebraska; J. H. Treis, District of Columbia, Neelhi agency, Idaho; J. W. Cromie, Dakota,

Devil's Lake; J. McLaughlin, Dakota, Standing Rock; G. H. Spencer, Minnesota, Crow Creek, Dakota.

WOMEN AND ENGLISH.

Our girls have large liberty in speech. They may even talk slang if they do so prettily, vivaciously, and with an evidently playful intent. We look with amused indulgence upon their over use and misuse of adjectives and adverbs. When a girl says that anything is "nice" or "awfully nice," we perfectly understand what she means and permit the phrase to pass without criticism, because "nice" is a woman's chief adjective of commendation, and means excellent, pretty, good-natured, comfortable, or any other of a score of things, while "awfully" in a woman's mouth is an adverb whose sole office is to intensify expression. In a word, we permit our young women, and our young women permit themselves, to narrow their vocabulary down to a few overworked phrases, to misuse their native tongue and distort it, and generally talk in bad English wilfully rather than ignorantly. They call things "splendid," which are not splendid, but merely good, or pretty, or pleasant, and describe babies or bonnets as "cunning"—usually eluding the final "g"—when they mean that the babies are bright and lively, or attractive in some other way, and the bonnets becoming. Bonnets, when not "cunning," are "sweet," and beyond this the descriptive vocabulary of the young woman rarely extends.

In the matter of slang the impulse which prompts pretty girls to use it—for commonly it is only pretty girls who do or dare this—seems to be that liking that all humane beings have for walking as near as possible to the edge of precipices. Our girls are not vulgar; they dread vulgarity as the abyss; and for that reason they enjoy venturing perilously near its edge, especially as boys rejoice in walking upon narrow timbers at giddy heights in unfinished buildings.

The only rebuke which girls encounter as a result of these practices is an occasional suggestion that slang is vulgar, and that warning has the less force because they see that great numbers of girls and women who are not vulgar payfully indulge in slang, as they themselves do. For the overworking of adverbs and adjectives, and for their general misapplication of words and their neglect of nice shades of meaning, they receive no correction at all, but are left to regard the matter as one of no consequence.

As a matter of fact it is of real consequence, not only to the girls who indulge in such habits, but to society also, and to one of the finest branches of scholarship. There can be no doubt that the ear which is taught to tolerate the misuse of words rapidly loses its sensitiveness, and even its capacity, to detect misuse. The constant use of "nice," and "awful," and "sweet," and "splendid," and "cunning," in other than their proper senses and substitutes for all the other adjectives in the language, rapidly effaces the other adjectives from the mind and blunts the sense of fitness in the use of words as means of accurate and forcible utterance. The girl does not forget the other words in the language, perhaps, but she loses the habit of using them, and, worse still, she acquires the habit of loose, inaccurate, incomplete expressions, and with it a like habit of thought.

All this is to be regretted on account of the girls themselves, but it is still more a pity that by the growth of such habits of mind and speech we lose the large influence of refined women in behalf of pure speech. Women are the talkers of the world. Upon them falls the greater part of the duty of maintaining social relations by conversation. Every drawing-room is dependent upon them for its vivacity; whenever a man utters this function he kills conversation with monologue. When a man talks much he lectures, and everybody else keeps silent. It is only a woman who can keep conversation going, and can twist and turn it about, and give variety to it, and keep shop out of it.

It is a pity that women, upon whom so important a duty is placed, should unfitted themselves for their function by acquiring habits fatal to complete success in it. It is an especial pity that our beautiful English tongue should lose the conservative and developing influence which a race of educated women, all talking, and all priding themselves upon their accurate and flexible use of the language, would exercise. The preservation of the language in its purity, and the systematic development of its flexibility, its fitness for the expression of thought and emotion, and its power is no light or unimportant matter, and the influence which our educated women might exert in this direction, if they were sincerely devoted to the work, would be as great, perhaps, as that of all the schools and colleges of the land. If all our women took pride in the accuracy of their use of words, in the correctness of pronunciation, in the richness of their enunciation, in the modulation of their voices, in the right disposition of their accents, in all matters pertaining to good English speech, they might work a revolution.

French women have a pride of this sort in their ability to use their mother tongue fluently, flexibly and well, and their influences in behalf of pure speech, both as conservators of the old and promoters of the new, when the new is good, is, without doubt, far greater than that of the academy. Indeed, the academy's part in this matter is little more than to record the usage of good society, which is another name for the usage of educated French women.

Congressman Cox writes to the Sun from Constantinople: "Every year the Turkish empire is winnowed for the handsomest young lady to adorn the Sultan's palace as a wife. The mother of the Sultan selects from the bevy of beauties gathered from 'silkens Samarra and cedared Lebanon.' One of the singular laws of royal marriages here is that the wife becomes the slave, when married, to his majesty. Why? Because the crowned prince, or future sultan, must be a born slave himself, and thus less in rank than the free people of the realm he governs. This is odd, but it is Oriental." The American humorist will endeavor to build a laugh upon the most somber foundation. Referring to the New York Herald's suggestion that the emblems of mourning all over the land be taken down and sent to the Michigan sufferers, the New Haven Register says: "A Michigan sufferer clad in white cambric pantaloons and black alpaca overcoat digging himself out of the winter's snow would be more picturesque than comfortable—but he'd keep up a reputation as a sufferer."

BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right, Pray if thou canst with glory; but ever pray, Though hope be weak or sick with long delay; Pray in the darkness if there be no light, Far is the time, remote from human sight, When war and discord on the earth shall cease; Yet every prayer for universal peace Awaits the blessed time to expedite. Whatever is good to wish, ask that of heaven, Though it be what thou canst not hope to see; Pray to be perfect, though material heaven Forbid the spirit so on earth to be; But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray, Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—Hardy Coleridge.

VISITORS FROM THE CITY.

By Hellen Forest Graves.

"What!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in a shriek.

"It's true," said her husband. "They're coming to visit us—every one of 'em! My sister Zuleima, because the Saratoga hotels are too intolerably hot for endurance; Cousin Herbert Halley, because he is an aesthete, and wants to study nature from a level hitherto untrodden: Mrs. Johnson, because the children don't recuperate after the whooping cough; aunt Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her landlady on the subject of poodle dogs; and uncle Jenks, because he never has visited us and wants to know what my wife is like!"

"Dear me!" faintly gasped Mary Haven, looking around her pretty sitting-room, draped in pink chintz, fragrant with fresh flowers, and decorated with gill bird cages, water color sketches and Kensington embroidery, "what am I to do!"

"Do?" repeated her husband, who was intent on clipping off the end of his cigar so that it should "draw" satisfactorily. "There is but one thing to do—let 'em come."

"All at once?"

"Yes, all at once."

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and the painters in possession of the second story!" hysterically cried the lady.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven.

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mrs. Haven, ready to burst into tears.

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their convenience, the hot weather and the high prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven. "Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suicide."

"Don't do that, my dear," said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I was just thinking, do you know—"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a new force of servants, a box of provisions from Minardi's and half a dozen cots, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted the lady.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mr. Haven, serenely eying the distant landscape through the amethyst rays of cigar smoke. "Of—moving."

"Moving, Hugh!"

"To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. Haven explained. "Only for a few days, merely on account of the repairs at the house. Paint upsets my digestion, and the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets my teeth on edge. Besides, Hodge, the contractor, can work a deal faster if we're all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on earth but a camping out place, with board floors, and not a particle of plaster or paint about it," remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband. "Our friends don't come, as I take it, to admire fresco and gilding, but to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," said Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I—think—I—begin to—," said she, with an amused light beginning to sparkle into her eyes. "Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the repairs are in progress."

And she hurried up stairs, to pack a few necessities, at once.

The cottage by Wiscamac Lake was not an imposing edifice. There was plenty of room in it, such as it was, but the floors were of rude pine boards, the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to "rough it" after the most primitive fashion; and when Mrs. Zuleima Montagu Prout drove up to the door in a wagon, heavily laden with trunks, she stared through her gold eye-glasses, in a most ridiculous manner, at the rude porch of shingles, supported by cedar posts mantled in their native bark, the shutterless windows, and the unpainted wood settees on the grass.

"This isn't 'The Solitudes,' said she; 'Drive on, man, you have made a mistake!'"

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw. "Guess it's enough of a 'solitude' to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque cottage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, in accents of keenest disappointment.

"But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's sister, Zuleima," said she graciously. "Do come in!"

"But where are my trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Saratoga world with her numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight.

"You can put them in the shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven, graciously. "I don't think they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Halley arrived later in the day—a long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a violet velvet suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color cases, traveling library and writing desk. He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven lives?" said he.

"This is the place," said the hostess.

"This!" echoed Mr. Halley.

"You are cousin Herbert, I suppose," said Mrs. Haven, politely. "Walk in! my husband will come in the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience!"

And she left him in a seven-by-nine apartment, under the eaves, where he could not stand upright except in the middle of room, and where the three paned window was close to the floor.

"Humph!" schloquised the aesthete, look-

ing ruefully around him, "this isn't at all what I expected."

Mary Haven had scarcely got down stairs and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and her four children, on a "buck-board wagon" from the nearest stage station.

"Is this cousin Hugh's house, ma?" said Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty!" loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out! lemme get out!" shrieked Juliette, "and play in that lovely black mud, where the frog-toad is sitting!"

Mrs. Johnson sailed in, with a scarlet face and a perturbed look.

"I'm afraid, cousin Mary," said she, "that we shall inconvenience you. There don't seem to be much accommodation here."

"Oh, there's plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is," said Mrs. Haven, smilingly. "Of course, one expects to lead a gypsy life in a place like this, and the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are a little careful; for it's very deep; and it's so lucky you are here, cousin Johnson, to help me with the pies and bread, for I'm not a very experienced housekeeper, and—"

"I thought you kept two or three servants," said Mrs. Johnson, frigidly.

"I have only one young girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and of course when there's so much company there's a great deal to do. Oh, there comes an old lady with a sweet little yelping dog!"

She glanced out of the open doorway.

"Goodness me, if it ain't that intolerable old aunt Sadie, with her inevitable dog!" groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path, in a scarlet shawl and a black lace hat.

"Bless me!" said aunt Sadie, purple with the heat and dripping with perspiration, "you don't never mean to say, niece Haven, that this 'ere's the place I've heard tell of on Lake—what d'ye call it?"

"It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven, quietly.

"I'm downright sorry I left the tavern at the railroad," said aunt Sadie, sadly. "I ain't used to these unplastered houses, and I'm 'most sure Trip will catch cold."

Uncle Jenks was the last to come—a shrewd, brown-faced old man—in a gray suit, and keen eyes like an eagle. He looked around him and seemed to take in the situation at once.

"No servants, eh?" said he. "Well, it's lucky I came. I'm pretty handy to fetch water, and splint kindling, and help round the house; and you're pretty slim, my dear, to do all the work of this house, with only a young gal to help you. So Hugh hasn't done real well in business? I've a little money uninvested myself, and I don't know as I could do better than to lend it to my sister's son."

Thus he spoke cheery and kind, while Mrs. Montagu Prout fanned herself on the porch, cousin Herbert Halley did battle with the mosquitoes and midges. Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and Aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse and groaned over the heat.

One night at the cottage, settled the question of "to stay or not to stay," in the mind of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson, with a sigh.

The bed wasn't long enough for me to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead, said cousin Herbert, sadly.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods," said aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was hoarse."

"I wouldn't stay here if you would pay me a thousand dollars a week," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, thinking of her pink silk party dresses and twelve-button kid gloves.

"Well," said uncle Jenks, drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to them!"

So the company departed, with various adieux and insincere protestations of regard, and only uncle Jenks was left. And then Mr. Haven took his cigar out from between his lips.

"Uncle Jenks," said he, "suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house!"

"At what house?" said uncle Jenks.

"Mine," said Mr. Haven.

"Don't you live here?" said uncle Jenks.

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven. "We only came here to accommodate such of our relations as merely desire to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd, brown face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved his own excellence.

Uncle Jenks, the only one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Lake Wiscamac cottage.

"And I wish them bon voyage," said Mr. Haven, calmly.

"So do I," agreed Mary.

Electricity as a Motive Power.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing of the Electric Exhibition at Paris under date of September 14, says:

"During the last few days a number of new machines have been in action to show the different applications of electricity as a motive power. This is a special branch of the subject, which will attract a large number of visitors. Most of the machines of this class are in the northwest corner of the building. Here the ploughing machine of M. Menier is exhibited by M. Felix, and, although it does not actually plough the ground, it is interesting to see the way in which the electro-motor drags the plough with three shares across the space devoted to it and guides its direction. Then there is a circular saw driven by electricity. The diameter of the saw is three feet, and the planks upon which it works are five inches thick. M. Plat exhibits in the same part of the building a stone cutter and an electric hammer, which does all the work usually assigned to a steam hammer. Close to these machines is another for pumping water, driven by a Gramme motor; the large volume of water which is thrown out conveys to the eye some idea of the great force which can be transmitted by electricity, although in reality this machine does not require nearly so much force as many other

motors in the exhibition. In the same corner we find a number of machines for sewing and for driving a band-saw, and so forth, all driven by the convenient little motor of M. Deprez. There is also an embroidering machine, which is more interesting from its mechanical construction than from its being driven by electricity. Near to this spot there is also a rock-drilling machine, for use with black diamonds; the drill rotates under the influence of a Gramme machine, and while a hole is being bored it advances under the influence of the water pressure obtainable in Paris, which is about three atmospheres."

A MOST MODERN BALLAD.

Honoraria bings her golden bangs
Upon a forehead white as snow;
How lovely every ringlet hangs,
How bright the prisoned sunbeams glow.

But ah! sweet Nora's grief and care
Have never yet been said or sung;
That sunny yet recalcitrant hair,
Those glorious bangs will not stay bung.

So lonely Nora sits apart,
Her shapely head in sorrow hung.
While grief is busy at her heart
Because her bangs will not stay bung.

Alphonso seeks his soul's delight—
For years his soul to hers has clung—
"My darling, tell your grief outright!"
"My bangs, dear Dolphy, won't stay bung."

Adolphus swears a solemn oath,
His heart with bitter anguish wrung:
"I'll seek a chemist, by my troth—
My sweetheart's bangs they shall stay bung."

He stormed the 'pharmacy shop;
He gave his sweetheart's woes a tongue—
"O man of pill, and soda pop,
Can you make Nora's bangs stay bung?"

Sculapius split a quince in two
Its seeds into a stepspan flung—
"Ah, that I rather guess will do
To make your Nora's bangs stay bung."

He poured the sticky mixture out,
And sought his wide-mouthed bottles' mound
For one to mark, Pommade Surfine,
To make the ladies' bangs stay bung.

Alphonso flung, a dollar down,
And forth into the street he sprang;
Now peace and joy the lovers crown,
And Nora's bangs that stay bung.

—Puck.

CHERRY'S PROPOSALS.

It was the eve of Commencement Day in W—university, and the labors of the year fairly over, the studios as well as those to whom books and study were synonymous of boredom, joined together in all modes of rejoicing allowed by college discipline, and in others, which if not exactly permitted, winked at on occasions like the present, and many a social glass clinked to the stereotyped toasts considered necessary to such convivial gatherings.

The senior class of the year 186—was composed of eight young men, each of whom it was predicted would one day make his mark in the world. Similar predictions are no uncommon things, and perhaps no class leaves the precincts of the university of whom the same has not been said; but, the wise acres seemed to have some fair grounds for their prognostications; for though among them towered no intellectual giants, yet there were no sluggards or mental pigmies.

In one of the rooms, around a table that held glasses and the paraphernalia requisite to the compounding of that time-honored beverage known as "punch," believed by many antiquarians to be the veritable ambrosial nectar, these eight luminaries on W—University were seated, each in the position that accorded best with his humor or his indolence, and almost invisible from the thick clouds of smoke issuing from choice Havana or much-loved and much-abused meerschaum. Toasts had been drank, hopes and good wishes exchanged, each successive candidate being received with a vim and enthusiasm impossible to recall, once our footsteps have strayed beyond the portals of college life.

Suddenly Frank Lewis, a tall, fair-haired young fellow, claiming a Northern home, rose, and lifting his glass, said, "A brim-ning bumper to the toast of many a former reunion, the blue-eyed enchantress who holds us all in thrall. Need I name the fair, mischief-loving Cherry Brompton?"

A simultaneous shout of approval met this speech, and every glass was returned to the table, drained of its contents.

It may as well be mentioned here that Miss Cherry Brompton was the only daughter of the president of the college, and shared the fate common to all young ladies occupying such a position, that of having at one time or another every youth, whether of suitable or unsuitable age, within the university walls, for her devoted admirers. But Cherry certainly did not owe all of her popularity to the fortuitous circumstances of being her father's daughter, else there are no virtues in bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and one of the very best dispositions in the world.

The same young lady was likewise possessed of the very demon of mischief, and many a mad prank could be traced to the cunning brain and skillful execution of the president's daughter. The most exasperating fact, however, was that, though counting her victims by the score, she seemed to laugh with impunity at the rosy little god; and yet each new victim felt sure that, if opportunity only offered—which, by the way, very unaccountably never did offer—he should receive such assurance of reciprocated attachment as would remove all smart from the ranking wound. However powerful the remedy might prove, if once applied had until now remained mystery; for, with a tact truly Napoleonic, Miss Cherry had contrived to keep each and every devoted admirer in a state of blissful ignorance, so that it became her great boast, contrary to all preconceived ideas on that subject supposed to be indulged in by young ladies, that though having many lovers, she had never had a proposal. Such a boast was a slur on the courage and gallantry of the university, which many an unhappy youth sought to retrieve, but Cherry Brompton knew too well how to fence and parry, and she invariably came off victorious. This explanation is necessary to what follows.

"Gentlemen," and this time the speaker, Will Harrington, was dark and swarthy, with fierce black eyes that told of smoldering fires. "I have a plan to propose. We all have been generous rivals in literature; let us continue such in the race for love. It were useless for anyone present to deny that Miss Brompton has taught us all the lesson, that sooner or later, must be conned by every man; and I think I go not far astray when I add that we each secretly cherish the belief that in teaching him she has learned it likewise. Let us put it to the test. Let each swear that ere this time to-

morrow Miss Cherry will be made to listen to our feelings and have made a choice. She can be at no loss, for there are among us tall and stout, dark and fair, the lively and sedate—a goodly lot to choose from; and whatever fate betides, let there be no malice or ill will, the unlucky triumphing in the knowledge that at one fell sweep, we have out-generated one of the best feminine tacticians, and no less volens, compelled Miss Cherry Brompton to terms of surrender."

"Agreed! agreed!" went from lip to lip, one among the number remaining silent.

"What say you, Bayard?" asked Frank Lewis, turning to his right-hand neighbor, a tall, slightly built young fellow.

A peculiar smile lit the face of the one addressed, but he shook his head decidedly.

"Count me out of that frolic," he said. "I think seven proposals will be as much as Miss Cherry will be able to master; and, besides, really."

"Not afraid of getting the mitten, Bayard? Come, we know you are a modest man, and are, perhaps, the only one who, proving the happy man, would be prepared for the fetters matrimonial!"

"Perhaps that may account for his unwillingness to join us!" cried another and so the joke went round, but Bayard Raynor, the best man in the world, his chums declared, took all the bantering, yet remained firm.

"You will at least keep our secret, Bayard?" asked Will Harrington.

"On my honor; gentlemen," Bayard replied, solemnly, though a just perceptible smilish looked mischievously in the corners of the handsome, expressive mouth.

"Then it is agreed. Each is to try his luck, and keep the result secret until one hour before the ball to-morrow, when we are all to meet here and the result make known; and we all swear that the unfortunate are to congratulate their successful rival without jealousy or ill will. There! the bell rings, 'All lights out!' so here, for the last time, I obey its summons!" and before the others could prevent it, Frank Lewis blew out the lamp, leaving the others to scramble out of the room in the best manner they could.

Commencement day, technically speaking, was at an end, that is, the orator had spoken, the degrees had been conferred, and the students and guests had scattered, to assemble again at the ball, which was to close the day.

One by one the seven conspirators reached the place of rendezvous and sat down in silence, as if each feared to be the first to speak. At last Will Harrington, whom nothing could long daunt, looked triumphantly around, and said:

"Well, gentlemen, it becomes a mere matter of form to put the question as to which is the happy man."

"Why?" How can you know?" "Did she tell you?" escaped from the lips of the half a dozen.

"I shall be glad to receive your congratulations, for Miss Cherry has smiled most benignly on my suit."

An exclamation of surprise followed this announcement.

"Come, Will, that won't do," said Frank Lewis, "as I happen to be Miss Brompton's choice."

"And I!" "And I!" exclaimed each of the other in their turn.

There was a moment's blank astonishment and silence, then a cry of "Sold, by Jove!" broke simultaneously from the group.

"Bayard Raynor has betrayed us! He shall rue his share in this farce!" and Will Harrington's swarthy face became still darker with rage, when further comments were stayed as a gentle rap was heard, and Miss Cherry Brompton thrust her pretty face through the half-open door.

"Please, Mr. Harrington, don't threaten so loud, especially an innocent person! Can Mr. Raynor and I come in?" and waiting no reply she entered the room, followed by Bayard Raynor.

"The best laid plans oft come to grief," she continued, "and yours, gentlemen, would have been admirable had you taken into consideration the thinness of partition walls."

"You heard us, then?"

"Not exactly. An humble admirer, though no less presumptuous, perhaps more devoted, no other than Irish Tommy, overheard your plot, and duly reported. Can you blame me if I turned the tables on you?"

"Then you mean to reconsider your answer?" asked all together.

"Why, I can't very well do otherwise, gentlemen, as I can't not marry all of you," she answered, demurely.

"But, Miss Cherry," persisted Will Harrington, known far and near for his unyielding temper, "will you at least give us a token by which one of us will understand that for him your answer is still the same?"

"I don't know how that might have been, Mr. Harrington, if you had not been forestalled, but you know, first come first served, and Mr. Raynor proposed just twenty-four hours ahead of you," and unable longer to control her feelings the young lady left the room suddenly, leaving her lover to explain matters as he best could.

"Well, boys," said Bayard, as soon as Miss Cherry had disappeared, "I hope you bear me no malice, for all is fair in love and war. You see I could not promise to do what had already been done, and but for your bantering, and truth to tell, your boastful manner, I should have confessed there and then, and I only thought that it would teach you a lesson. Honor bright, I knew nothing of the true state of affairs until coming here I met Cherry, who told me what she had done. As the next best thing to being the bridegroom is to dance at the wedding, I hope to see all at mine three months hence, the shortest period under which Miss Cherry Brompton will consent to become Mrs. Raynor. Who will wish us God speed?"

A moment no one answered; then Will Harrington, as prone to generous impulses as he was quick to anger, crossed over to the young man, whom they all loved, and grasped the outstretched hand, shook it warmly. His example was gladly followed by the others, and ere the wedding day they could all join the laugh save to follow any allusions to Cherry's proposals.

Worry.

From the Nineteenth Century.

The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is worry. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which

are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful and even destructive. It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old-fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuit; each possessing a limited shore line, which have become as breeding grounds for seals, thus resulting in a very considerable revenue to the nation. Strange as it may appear these two lonely islands in the Pacific Ocean are about the only known places for seals to appear in great numbers, and while the statistics show that 140,000 are caught yearly in the entire world 100,000 alone come from those islands. The government paid for Alaska originally \$7,200,000, and with this year's catch the government will have received \$6,300,000 in rental from these islands alone. The islands have been leased for a term of years to a corporation known as the Alaska Commercial company, which pays an annual rental of \$55,000, in addition to a tax of \$2 63 1-2 on each skin taken and are restricted to the capture of 100,000 seals yearly. The temperature has few marked changes, the mean temperature during the summer being 45 degrees. The thermometer did not fall below 35 degrees or rise above 55 degrees. During the winter the thermometer has not been known to fall lower than 15 degrees below, which any Chicagoan, with the experience of last winter in his memory, would term mild.

Miscellaneous Brevities.

Columbus, Georgia is called the Lowell of the south. Its progress in cotton manufactures is one of the wonders of the times.

At Pompeii combs have been found exactly like the modern fine tooth kind.

Mr. Hunt, paying teller of one of the New York banks, who stole nearly \$17,000 from the bank, had been in the employment of the bank twenty-five years, has a small family and lives moderately.

There were 6,476 marriages in Philadelphia last year, and none of the brides, according to the record, had reached thirty years of age; while there were 1,623 bridegrooms between thirty and fifty years of age, and nine were between seventy and eighty.

The Massachusetts shoe industry seems to be prospering as the following figures indicate: Shipments from Haverhill for the week ending September 16, 3,019 cases; corresponding week last season, 5,892 cases. The shipments from Brockton last week were 5,253 cases; corresponding week last year, 4,561 cases.

One of the saddest thoughts in connection with the death of the President is that we are to have a magazine controversy over the surgical regime pursued. Dr. Sims, whose authority few will be inclined to dispute, says that there is no reason or room for such a discussion, the wound having been necessarily mortal.

A rather unusual case of nicotine poisoning occurred lately in the town of Rochester. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp-knife; with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently, but as the wound was of a trivial nature, he paid no heed to it. In a few hours the hand began to swell, and soon the entire arm was so inflamed that it had to be amputated.

The stoppage of a day's work by a whole nation is a serious matter. There are ten million working people in the country, who average at least \$2 a day, which makes \$20,000,000, and then there is the interruption to commerce and financial transactions and the loss of profit on labor. An unexpected stoppage of a week-days work must cost \$50,000,000.

Twelve royal buxks have been forwarded from the Great Park, Windsor, to the city remembrancer's office, being the customary presents of venison from the queen to the chief magistrate, the sheriff and high officers of the corporation of London. The lord mayor, four; the sheriffs, three; the recorder, one; the chamberlain, one; the town clerk, one; the common sergeant, one, and the remembrancer, one.

There are now 500,000 miles of telegraphic wires in the United States; Great Britain uses 114,000 miles of lines; Germany has 150,000 miles and more than 3,000 miles of underground cable; British India has 50,000 miles; France 115,000; Belgium 15,000; Spain 25,000; Denmark 65,000; and Norway, 10,000, which are used chiefly in the management of her fisheries. The emperor of China has allowed 1,270 miles to be built during the past year. Persia has 6,000 miles, and Egypt 9,000. Russia has 130,000 miles in use. Australia has 15,000 and New Zealand 10,000. South America, with the exception of a transcontinental line from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres and a short line between Aspinwall and Panama, has no land lines.

One of the results of the use of elevators in New York and the construction of high buildings is a restaurant and kitchen in the top story. Instead of going down to dinner the diners go up and look out from airy perches on a broad expanse of sky. The new United Bank building, at Wall street and Broadway, has one of these aerial restaurants in the eighth story. There one can eat his steak or chop, or more extensive repast, and gaze out over the broad bay down to the hills of Staten Island and Fort Hamilton and watch the ships and boats in the busy harbor.

The gifts are pouring in upon the family of the late president. Taking together his large life insurance policies, his real estate in Mentor and Washington, his personal property, and the subscriptions to the fund raised for him, which already are over \$300,000 and probably will reach upward of \$400,000, Mrs. Garfield will doubtless have at her disposal over half a million dollars. As the retired life to which her instincts, and her affliction alike will prompt her not to expend even the annual interest of this sum, should congress continue to her the salary of her husband as president through his term, she will doubtless have, four years hence, at least \$700,000; and her five children will probably inherit independent fortunes of \$150,000, in case they should all live to inherit. In addition, the opportunities thrown open to the children of a president to easily acquire fame and fortune are illustrated by the cases of U. S. Grant, Jr., Col. F. D. Grant and Secretary of War Lincoln.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

THE TRUTH.

Rev. S. H. Thompson, of Maryland, a recent visitor at Bismarck and the Missouri valley, writes a long and thoroughly interesting letter to "The Presbyterian" in which he takes occasion to make comparison between the Red and Missouri river valley countries. The letter is fair and candid in all of its expressions and is a tribute to Bismarck upon which even the most enthusiastic admirer could not improve. Following is an extract:

Mr. Condit is undoubtedly correct in his estimate of the Red river region, of which Fargo is the great bustling center. It is indeed a remarkable country, and cannot be too highly praised or commended. But when he confines his praise to that particular strip, or only so much of it as extends to Jamestown, and discharges so severely the hundred mile stretch between Jamestown and Bismarck, he does serious injustice to the letter, and unwittingly discourages our heroic Home Mission brethren and people there. Both sections required to have their advantages and disadvantages, which should be weighed carefully by intending settlers. At the outset we are met with the fact that the land east of Jamestown, or more particularly within fifty miles of Fargo, is double the price it is on the western slope. The soil, too, of the Fargo district is much deeper, heavier and more liable to retain moisture than its western rival—the Bismarck district. This is an advantage in dry seasons, but sadly the reverse in wet seasons like the present, as the crops all around Fargo, and even on the great Badkynpale farm, are standing sprouting in the shocks, while those of the western section are safely harvested, threshed, and in some instances cashed. One great advantage that the west has over the east—that is, Bismarck over Fargo—is that the former has an abundance of lignite coal near by, while the latter is dependent upon foreign markets for its supply. And when I add to this the fact that the Bismarck district enjoys water communication for twelve hundred miles or more north, and to all lands south, and can thus import and export cheaper than Fargo, I have said what no ingenuity of man can gainsay. At the same time I am free to confess that Fargo has the "boom," as it is called, and enjoys the watchful vigilance of land agents and interested parties. Jamestown, where Mr. Condit's praise ends, is one of the most desirable sections of the northwest, and will soon have a road north and south, as well as east and west. These lands can be bought for one-half what it sells for around Fargo. Our church and people in Jamestown will compare favorably with any of our eastern societies. West of Jamestown the road runs along a kind of low grove, as if intended by Providence for its construction, though unhappily not for securing a favorable impression of the country. One has only to ascend the bluffs, however, on either side to see a beautiful, undulating landscape, dotted over with promising farms. Along the low bed of the road a few alkali lakes and incrustations are visible, but these have their compensation in the form of flocks of innumerable wild ducks and geese, which fly around almost as tame as our home fowl. These, I have no doubt, brother Condit frequently "sampled"—as the westerners say—at the various hotels, and indeed it needed no epure to relish them. There are scores of beautiful farms besides the Troy and Clarke places referred to by Mr. Condit, to which I can testify. Hundreds of ploughmen were everywhere visible, and when it is remembered that until three years ago there was not a furrow turned around Bismarck it is really amazing that there should be so much land now under cultivation. Mr. Condit surely saw and admired the magnificent Dawson estate, the Steele mansion and domain, and the superb farm of President Hayes, with its thousand cultivated acres. Yet all these are in the desolate region (?) which Mr. Condit describes very much as travelers do the desert of Sahara.

Mr. Condit, however, reserves his saddest picture for Bismarck. It could not have been at the Sheridan House, one of the most magnificent hostilities on the road; nor yet in the company of our heroic Brother Stevens with his noble wife, both of whom are doing a grand work for the master; nor alongside the Methodist brother, as he shouldered his organ and threatened his way down the thoroughfares to sing and preach Jesus to the people. No, nor amid the noble Christian people with these cultivated households and hallowed sanctuaries that Brother Condit formed such views. Not to quote the sad description referred to, I will only add that Bismarck has the most beautiful and commanding situation of any town on the North Pacific; that it has several fine hotels, three fine churches, two flourishing banks, a large number of stores; that its postoffice is "second class," and averages five hundred dollars postoffice orders a day; that it is the supply depot for all the boats on the river; that its court house cost about \$30,000, and that, altogether, it is one of the most substantial and successful western cities.

ADVERTISERS.

An exchange in speaking of advertising and advertisers, says that "the firm which is too poor to advertise is always watched by the wholesale merchants. It may not be generally known that many of the shrewd, far-seeing merchants in the great centers of trade like Chicago, New York and St. Louis, and others are in the habit of subscribing for the papers located in towns where they sell goods on credit. So long as the retail merchant exhibits enterprise and success by advertising, so long the wholesale dealer remains satisfied, but when the firm stops advertising, the latter naturally supposing they have fallen into financial difficulties govern themselves accordingly. It is also a fact that the man who does not support the home paper is considered a sort of fly-by-night merchant, who will try to make his stake and clear out at the earliest opportunity. The Hot Springs, Ark., Sentinel, in commenting upon this statement says:

It is not alone the wholesale merchant who watches his customers, but the peo-

ple, watch the papers. There is scarcely a man or woman who does not prefer to trade with the merchant who advertises with the favorite paper, and who will trade with the merchant who does not help to support their paper. We have frequently heard both gentleman and ladies express themselves to that effect.

It is a fact worthy of notice that there would be no merchants if there were no newspapers; neither could there be newspapers if there were no merchants. It is a fact that we must all recognize that a town without a newspaper is no town at all; it is but the backwoods—the outskirts of civilization. It is, therefore, the duty of every citizen to help support the local press. The condition of the local papers is a sure index of the enterprise and intelligence of the city. A people without a newspaper are mere barbarians, and the people who never contribute towards the support of the local press are mere barbarians, and should be treated as such.

Our remarks are directed to the merchants who never help the local press. Of course they are merely transient and will be swept into the back woods in advance of the march of civilization, but we desire to call the attention of our friends, if we have any, to the advertising columns of the paper. They can see for themselves who stand up for and support the local press. It is not altogether a mere question of the support of the local press; it is a question of who are the friends of the city, who help to build it up, and who help those who do more to bring visitors here than all classes combined—the press.

The suggestion for a road from Bismarck to Fort Scott, Kansas, referred to a few days ago, comes from Fort Scott. The company has been organized and the franchises worked up from Fort Scott to Topeka, and it is proposed to extend the route from that point via Lincoln, Nebraska, on the west side of the Missouri river, to Mandan and Bismarck. At Fort Scott connection is made with the Fort Scott South Eastern and Memphis Railroad, which is already completed 100 miles and will be completed to Memphis within eighteen months. A glance at the map will show the excellence and importance of this route. It gives a grand trunk railroad from the north to the south over which the wheat and cattle traffic will as naturally flow as the waters now flow to the gulf. From Bismarck a line can be constructed running northeast connecting with the Canadian Pacific at Winnipeg and from Mandan running northwest up the Missouri river valley crossing in either case the best wheat and cattle region in America. Bismarck and Mandan people should think of this and if regarded worth looking after, join in the scheme and perfect an organization.

GUITEAU's counsel has issued the following appeal: The trial for Guiteau is fixed for November 7. The short time allowed makes this appeal to the public necessary. Will the press kindly publish it. He attempted to lecture on religious subjects through several northern states. It is believed there are many people in that connection who can, if they will, furnish evidence of his insanity. Will they not do so in the interest of patriotism, justice, humanity and mercy? Of patriotism, because if he is hung as a sane man it will be a blot on our history; of justice so that it may not be said hereafter that he, being denied by heaven of the guidance of reason, was put to death, contrary to all law, human and divine; of humanity and mercy in the prompt laying aside of passion and dealing, with this case in Christian charity. If any person knows of facts bearing on this question, will he not furnish information? No one will be called to testify unless it seems to be important to a just defense and fair trial. Please communicate at once with George Scoville, Washington, D. C.

A scheme is on foot for the organization of a street railway with franchises, extending from the northwest corner of John Quinlan's land to the river landing, and if organized properly a portion of the line will be graded track laid and cars placed thereon in the spring. With a street railway passengers can be carried to and from the landing at about ten cents each for each way. Such a scheme would add immensely to the value of property on the Williams and Sturgis additions. Every property holder ought to take an interest.

The London papers state that the recent command of the queen that her royal court should go into mourning for the president of the United States is absolutely without precedent. Commands for court mourning heretofore were confined exclusively to deaths in the royal family, or in European courts in alliance therewith.

At the session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows held at Yankton last week,

Dr. Wm. A. Bentley, of Bismarck, was elected grand master. The doctor's address was one of the leading features of the occasion, and is commended by all who heard or have read it, and the St. Paul and Minneapolis papers copy liberally from it. Dr. Bentley is one of the brightest and best of our citizens, and Bismarck is honored through his promotion.

The opposition to Mr. Windom will organize a lively campaign with a view to defeating his re-election. There is a crowd in Minnesota disposed to oppose any one who has done the state valuable service, in order to bring their own friends to the front. They call themselves the young republicans and have no use for such men as Ramsey, Windom, Marshall and others of that stamp.

It is proposed to endow a memorial professorship in William's College as a monument to the late President James A. Garfield. An Englishman offers one thousand pounds sterling to endow a similar professorship in England.

GUITEAU says that God was his only accomplice, and that he is now managing his defense with great ability. The scoundrel is working well his crazy dodge, but his insanity ought to be cured by hanging.

The flood of the Mississippi is doing fearful damage. At many points it is even higher than last spring. The loss of crops, hay, and stock will be great.

The president, it is said, has not had four consecutive hours' sleep since he was sworn in. The strain on his constitution begins to tell on him.

The Mutual Union Telegraph Company has two thousand miles of telegraph wire ready for business, and will commence business on the 25th inst.

POSTMASTER GENERAL JAMES has accepted the presidency of the Lincoln national bank, and will, of course, retire from the cabinet at an early date.

EASTERN newspapers have substituted for "special dispatch" at the head of important items the simple legend "by rail."

An important Miles City letter also, one from the National Yellowstone Park, will appear in tomorrow's issue.

STRAW hats are seeking seclusion.

BISMARCK needs more tenement houses.

THERE is \$250,000,000 in the United States treasury.

SAY that the assassin proves himself insane, what then?

The Pierre census shows a population of nearly 800.

CHICAGO has received 23,766,858 letters during the last year.

TAMMANY HALL controls 50,000 votes in the state of New York.

A RAINY fall and an early winter is what the weather prophets say.

It is said that thirteen thin people commit suicide to one fat person.

VENNER claims that this is his weather, and it's bound, he says, to be kept up until November first.

Six children now call Gen. Grant grandpa. It takes all his military skill to get through Christmas.

GEN. GRANT has six swords. Several of them are inlaid with gold and the hilts set with precious stones.

It will put Anna Dickinson's countenance to the test when her suspender button gives away for the first time.

THE California horse, Nutwood, half brother to Maud S., sold last week at Louisville, Ky., for \$100,000 in gold coin.

THE St. Louis Globe Democrat is indignant because negroes on southern railroads are excluded from parlor cars.

"THERE'S always room at the top," said the customer when he saw the way the grocer filled the measure with potatoes.

THE widow of John Cretzer, who served in the war of 1812, is believed to be Uncle Sam's oldest pensioner. She is 103, and was married in 1801.

"AFTER all," says the Elmira Free Press, wiping its mouth on a red bordered napkin, "the most popular greenbacker is a watermelon."

THERE are 20,000 acres of land to each man, woman and child of the Crow Indians. The herds are large, the grazing is good, the Indians are friendly and are becoming rich.

HISTORY repeats the occurrence of 7,000 earthquakes, by which 13,000,000 people have perished, yet science has formulated no theory that will satisfactorily explain why an earthquake occurs.

CLAYTON, La., has thirteen female physicians, and is said that there are more sick men in that town in proportion to the population than can be found in any other community in the state.

FRANK HATTON, postmaster at Burlington, Ia., and one of the editors of the Burlington Hawkeye, is mentioned as probable successor to Gen. Tyner, as first assistant postmaster general. He possesses qualifications that peculiarly adapt him to the place. He will understand the wants of the growing west, and will not be slow to provide for them, should he be chosen for that position.

THERE is two feet of snow at Bozeman.

ENGLAND is trying to abolish the Colorado beetle by an act of parliament.

It is claimed that the population of Denver, Col., has increased 8,000 during the past year.

At his death, Washington was the richest president we ever had. He left an estate worth \$100,000.

THE late president's oldest brother, Thomas Garfield, is a Michigan farmer in very ordinary circumstances.

THE people of Helena are obliged to remove the snow from their sidewalks after a storm, or receive a visit from the city marshal.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has avowed that he will not make a single change in any important office throughout the country, until congress meets at least.

THE widow of Jim Fisk is, it is reported, living in comparative poverty at North Hatfield, Mass., dependent for her living upon the bounty of a sister.

THE Canadian northwest land company has been formed at Toronto with \$1,000,000 capital, and 2,000,000 acres have been bought of the Canadian Pacific.

A YOUNG city fellow bought a farm last winter. He had a fine orchard of about 200 apple trees, and a few weeks ago he tapped every one of them for cider.

PROF. BELL, the disappointed electrician, may yet dispose of his induction balance to good advantage if he can so construct it that it can be used for measuring gas.

MRS. DUNMIRE, of Leadville, the excellent divorced wife of Guiteau, expresses the opinion that Guiteau was sane when he fired at Garfield, and it called on to testify it would be to this effect.

SOME of the largest mirrors ever manufactured were recently made for the Grand Opera House at Paris. They measured forty-five by fifty-two feet, their weight being from 1,200 to 1,600 pounds each.

GEN. BUTLER never charges a cent for getting a pension. More than that, he pays all the necessary fees and often takes a trip to Washington to hurry up a pension when some poor widow is waiting and in want of it.

HER mother said she would choke any gentleman who made love to her daughter Nanna, but budding into womanhood. To which Nanna replied: "Mamma, if a gentleman makes love to me I prefer to choke him myself."

MR. ARTHUR is the sixth president who goes wifeless into the executive mansion. His predecessors in this respect were Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler and Buchanan—all but the bachelor Buchanan having been widowers.

YOU may have heard of the busy bee. Well, it's all bosh. In thirty days a bee lays up enough to last through the winter, and then loaf all through the rest of the summer. Bee keepers have watched and discovered this fact.

THE dainty turkey trends the crisp, frosted autumn grass as gently as a leaf falls, seeming to beg pardon of the very ground it steps on. In about a month that turkey will be lying on its back as peaceful as the mashed potatoes and boiled onions.

"THE lurid flames shot their red tongues of fire up toward the glowing heavens, as if they were, in their vengeful fury, endeavoring to sear the bright faces of the twinkling stars." It was only a \$50 stable, containing \$25 worth of hay, but the reporter felt that way, and really couldn't help it.

GERMANY has the most accommodating of postoffices. It daily transmits birds, beasts and fishes, if of a harmless sort. A goose, unintelligibly directed, was lately put up for auction sale, when \$875 was found under its left pinion. The sender has not been found.

THE WEATHER.

Record of Rainfall, Temperature, and Velocity of the Wind for Bismarck Since 1875--Interesting Comparisons.

DATA.	WIND.		RAINFALL.		TEMPERATURE.	
	Total Miles.	Inches.	Mean.	Mean.	Mean.	Mean.
Year	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
January	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
February	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
March	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
April	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
May	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
June	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
July	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
August	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
September	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
October	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
November	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
December	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
Annual Sums and Means	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880

FLOUR, FEED and PRODUCE.

I wish to inform the people of Burleigh County that I have just opened in the building next to the TRIBUNE a Flour, Feed and Produce Store, and hope to see my friends at my new stand. I shall keep only the best articles at the lowest market price. Remember the place

No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice.

FRANK DONNELLY.

Wanted To buy a claim. Apply to F. R. Simons, in furniture store, TRIBUNE block.

Views of the YELLOWSTONE, Bad Lands, BLACK HILLS and

Upper Missouri, including all points of interest on the line of the North Pacific Railroad, published by F. JAY HAYNES, Official Photographer N. P. R. R. Fargo, D. T. Catalogues free.

When you have an inflamed eye, a swollen hand or decayed and aching tooth, you do not take and fill your stomach with drugs to cure it, but apply a cooling lotion or some soothing narcotic directly to the parts. So if you have a weak or lame back, sore kidneys, profuse or scanty urine, or the secretory system is clogged or inactive, you should use Prof. Guibette's French Kidney Cure, which is a directly local application, which always gives speedy relief and always cures the disease. Ask your druggist or it.

For Sale.

Full assortment of legal blanks at the TRIBUNE office.

GARFIELD. Agents wanted for Life of President Garfield. A complete, authentic history from cradle to grave. In the current biographer. Col. Garfield's life ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Embossed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 50 copies daily. Outlets any other book ten to one. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free. GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. W-19-22

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for B. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York. Send for their Catalogue and terms. 161

And other RARE PLANTS for sale. Our Greenhouses (covering 3 acres in glass) are the largest in America. **Peter Henderson & Co.,** 35 Cortlandt St., New York.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer.

A sure Cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William's Indian Remedy, called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 22 or 30 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrolysers do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else. Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry of Cleveland says about Dr. William's Indian Ointment: "I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment." For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.00. HENRY & CO., Prop'rs, Cleveland, O. NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, Wholesale Agents, St. Paul, Minn.

C. CRAMER, Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. Army. U. S. Signal Office, Bismarck, D. T., October 11, 1881.

DIBGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Cloze his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Slee of moon or set of sun,
Haud of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

—George Henry Baker.

QUEENS OF THE DESERT.

British Belles That Have Made Their
Homes in Bedouin Tents.—Chathams
Grand-daughter, Who was Crowned
Queen of the East.

There passed away at Damascus on the 12th of August, a woman whose history is worth telling, even at the end of the world. This was Jane Elizabeth Digby, daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Digby and his wife, the daughter of the Earl of Leicester and widow of Lord Andover. She was born in 1807, and so was two years older than her brother Edward, the present Lord Digby; they represented the very old family the first of whose illustrious members was the famous Sir Kenelm Digby, "the ornament of England." In 1824 Miss Digby, then a beautiful and high-spirited girl, married, as his second wife, Lord Ellenborough, who afterward became Governor General of India, and earned the uncomplimentary title of "the wild elephant" from his bull-headed blunders. The funniest and most serious of these was the famous "Gates of Somnath" proclamation in 1842, addressed to "all the princes, chiefs, and people of India." "My brothers and my friends," it read, "our victorious army bears the gates of the temple of Somnath in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looks upon the ruins of Ghaznee. The insult of eight hundred years is at last avenged. These gates, so long the memorial of your humiliation, are become the proudest record of your natural glory." If Lord Ellenborough had been in Ireland and had invited a Fenian and an Orangeman to fraternize in a toast to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, he would not have made a bigger blunder. The Mussulmans were asked to rejoice because the triumph of one of their historic heroes had been nullified, and the Hindoos to exult in the return of the gates when the temple itself was in ruin and polluted by the occupation of Mohammedans. And, to complete the comedy of errors, there is no evidence to show that Mahmoud, the breaker of idols, ever carried away any gates from Somnath, and if he did they were of sandalwood and Indian workmanship, while the Ellenborough trophies were of pine and the work of Mohammedan artificers.

To return. One child was born of the marriage of Lord Ellenborough and Miss Digby—a son, born in 1828. It died in 1830, the year in which Lady Ellenborough set all England talking by eloping with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, then a handsome and dashing young attaché, and the terror of husbands. Lord Ellenborough obtained a divorce by special act of parliament—that was before the days of Sir Cresswell Cresswell and Sir James Hannen—allowing his wife some \$7,500 a year. She took the style of "Lady Digby," and remained abroad. After a short time she left the prince, who, like Lord Peterborough, after acquiring a reputation for frivolity and debauchery, came into prominence in 1848 as a soldier, and then raised Austria, singlehanded, from the abyss into which she had been plunged by the insurrection. She married a Bavarian, Baron von Venningen, but tired of him, and, deserting him, went to Italy where for some years she

BLAZED AS A SPLENDID STAR OF SIN.
She was several times married—three, four or five times, according to the conflicting authorities—and had numerous liaisons besides. Her last European husband was one Peritoki, a Greek nobleman, in the service of King Otho, and he abandoned her because his royal master considered the match a scandalous one, and ordered him to leave Lady Ellenborough or give up his court employ. From Athens she went to the east, and on the 16th of June 1863, she wrote on the register of "Germanus, hotel": "I have passed ten days here, and have been perfectly satisfied with the proprietor's attentions. I also took this opportunity of recommending Sheikh Medaqel, chief of the Assassins, to any traveler intending to visit Palmyra, having found him entirely capable and worthy of confidence in every respect." The Sheikh had for many years monopolized the best travelers between Palmyra and Damascus, and when he escorted the lady back to the latter city in safety he was exasperated by the information that she intended marrying him. He vanished into the desert, but she sent envoys and lured him back to Damascus, where she overpowered his scruples by displaying her wealth. The English consul interfered, but "Lady Digby" laughed at him, but he enlisted the services of the Turkish governor, who so scared the sheikh by warning him that the fair Frank already belonged to several husbands that Medaqel bolted into the desert again. The lady did not trust to agents this time, but procuring guides and an escort she fairly ran him down in the desert near Palmyra, and did not let him out of her sight till she had married him according to Bedouin rites in the presence of his Arab companions. Then she led him captive back to Damascus, bought a handsome house and gardens, and settled down to Oriental life, spending several months annually in the desert in her husband's tent. Stormy as her earlier life had been, her latter days were calm and contented. Her last and most extraordinary marriage proved to be a happy one. In Damascus she became the idol of the poorer Mohammedan residents, who found in her the kindest of friends and counselors; and amid them she has died at last, respected and beloved. She never turned Mohammedan, but attended regularly the English services of the London mission for the conversion of the Jews. Mr. W. C. Prime in the twenty-seventh chapter of his "Tent Life in the Holy Land"—the book which

Mark Twain riddled so mercilessly—gives a description of her and her dwelling. At 50 she was still splendid and stately, and her portrait showed her to have been of gentle birth and exquisite beauty. She had imported the costliest of furniture from France; her rooms were hung with the heaviest damask and spread with Persian carpets; on the walls were pictures of her father, of herself as a regnant beauty at court, of her child. Among her books were "Daily Food," and a number of similar Christian collections; "Marriage from a Christian Standpoint," and several English books of eastern travel. On the table were several magnificent portfolios of her drawings, each bound in morocco, with a gift coronet and her adopted name, "Janthe," and here she and her husband dined Bedouin fashion, squatting on the floor and feeding with their fingers from the platter between them. Mr. Prime predicted that she would soon tire and leave her last husband, but she has falsified the prediction.

A MORE TRAGIC AND ROMANTIC EXILE from England, was Lady Hester Stanhope. She was the niece of Pitt, and for the last year of his life his secretary and confidant, and it was to her that he cried in his anguish on learning of the defeat at Austerlitz: "Roll up the map of Europe." The English government gave her a pension of \$6,000 but she regarded this as pitifully inadequate to her rank and merit, and after passing four years in Wales, went to the Orient in 1810. Readers to whom her copious "Memoirs" and "Travels" are not accessible, will find an interesting (but untrustworthy) description of her in Lamartine, and still better accounts in the eighth chapter Kinglake's "Esther," and in Elliot Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross." The Arabs were so struck by her display of wealth and courage that they treated her as a queen, and she established herself in the desert convent of Mar Elias, amid the wildest scenery of the Lebanon, eight miles from Sidon. Here she donned the dress of an emir, trousers, weapons, pipe, and all, and gathered to her a garrison of Albanians and other refugees, whom she ruled with absolute power, besides acquiring immense influence, over the surrounding tribes. When Ibrahim Pasha invaded Syria in 1832, he sent to ask her neutrality in his war with the sultan, and after the siege of Acre she sheltered several hundred refugees. Kinglake, when he went to the east in 1838, visited her in her fortress. He found her a woman of 60, majestic in height, grand, and with stern and commanding features, her face of astonishing whiteness. She was dressed in a loosely-folded robe of white linen, something like a surplice, and wore a huge turban of pale cashmere shawls so disposed as to cover all her hair; she smoked like a true Oriental, passed most of her time in bed, and spent the night in watching the stars. At that time much of the earthly sovereignty of the queen of the Arabs had vanished. She went to the Orient when its people were excited by the achievements of Sir Sydney Smith, and expecting that England would occupy Syria, regarded her as a princess sent to prepare the way for the conquest. Her character and dauntless bravery did the rest. Her sight was so keen and far-reaching that the Arabs credited her with magical powers, and when once, to test her courage, the tribe with which she was teading gave out that the other tribes had decreed its destruction for sheltering her, she rode away from them alone, resolved to bring no danger upon her friends, and to trust for help to her own haughty self.

IN THE DESERT 'MID SWARMING FOES.

"Hours had elapsed," says Kinglake "and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer; and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, full armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their poisoned spears. Her face at the time was covered with the yashmack, according to eastern usage, but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups, withdrew the yashmack that veiled the terrors of her countenance, waved her arm slowly, disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, 'Avant!' The horsemen recoiled from her yell, and not in terror. The threatening yells of assaults were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gunshots were fired on all sides around her honored head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attacks, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast prepared to do honor to the heroine, and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly." For a time at least she certainly exercised sovereignty over the tribes of the desert between Damascus and Palmyra, and when she abandoned her earthly kingdom it was to practice astrology, deliver prophecies, and prepare to ride into Jerusalem with the Messiah at his near coming on the two horses kept specially in her stable. She lived on milk only, never read books or papers; and believed firmly in secrecy, divining and all the fabled lore of the Orient. Not long before Kinglake's visit she was taken ill and left for dead, her friends deserting her and thieves plundering her convent-fortress. When he saw her army was merely a small body of Albanian refugees, but when Mehemet Ali ordered her to give them up she sent him word, "Come and take them!" and he shrunk from accepting the challenge. The Sultan styled her "Cousin" when he wrote to her, and just before she died, in 1839, in her sixty-third year, she led out her Albanians to annihilate a rebellious village and burn in their chaflet some mountaineers who had murdered a traveler. Her death was thus described in a letter to Kinglake: "She held on gallantly to the last. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, heard she was ill, and rode over the mountains, accompanied by a missionary, to visit her. A profound silence was all over the palace. No one met them. They lighted their own lamps in the outer court and passed unquestioned through court and gallery till they came to where she lay; a corpse was the only inhabitant at Djoun, and the isolation from her kind which she so long sought was indeed completed. That morning thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye. That spell once darkened by death, every one fled with the plunder. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except upon her person; no one ventured to touch that, and even in death she seemed

herself. At midnight the missionary carried her out to a favorite resort of hers in the garden and they buried her. The buildings are fast falling into decay." Thus lived and died the proud, stern grand-daughter of Chatham.

INTROSPECTION.

Benefit it is, and boding of no good,
To ever gaze within one's self, to find
The complex working of a morbid mind;
To ever cower beneath a sheltering hood,
Poising the balance scale of ought and would;
Sighing for happy days, now left behind,
Scorning to think a future can be kind,
Hating a present scarcely understood.

Such introspection in brief time will break
The healthiest heart, and wreck it to the dust,
God knows how many a bitter cut and thrust
The world will give us for its selfish sake,
Without our poisoning the arrow-head
Which, if it kills not, sometimes leaves for dead.

—Tinsley's Magazine.

A SKETCH ON WHEELS.

By Marie Louise Beecher, in "Northern Christian Advocate."

You wonder how it happened, eh? Never seemed a bit strange to me. You recollect 'bout my bad luck down in the Row, don't you? Had a little business scheme away off in California at the same time. And Mary, she's one of them likely women, she says: "John, you go right along. Do what you can and I'll take care of myself and the boys" (two little chaps they was). Well—I thought about it and while I was thinkin' about it the little woman bustled around and got me off afore I could make up my mind to leave her and the little fellows for such a long tramp. Stayed a year, sir, and made some money, that's the best of it.

As I started to tell, I was a comin' home. Planned to get home Christmas eve. "Twas that day. Never shall forget it, sir. Train went so terrible slow. I began to look 'bout in the car for something to take up my mind. I had been calculatin' the interest on that mining stock until I knew it by heart. And I was gettin' on a-y, so I looked 'round in the car. First thing I noticed was a couple o' little gals. Sat jest 'bout where you do, and somehow I kept a-bout 'til I was 'shamed to stare so. Then I picked up my newspaper and sort o' looked over that at them. Don't know what there was 'bout 'em either, only I couldn't help it. Smallest was such a little chit. Not much more'n a baby, and the other one was a bit bigger. But if she didn't act like a woman, then I'll lose my guess. Couldn't make out for the life o' me how old she was. But 'twas fun to watch her, though taking care of the little thing. She'd wrap her up over an' over again and git her a drink and hold her when she was tired. By-and-by the littlest one was cold, so what did the little woman do but peel off her own shawl and wrap it round the baby. She had the same way of patten' it and smotherin' it that Mary always had. I sort o' eyed the shawls and made up my mind that they wasn't new, neither was the rest of the clothes they had on. The smallest one hadn't more'n gone off for a doze 'fore the engine gave one of them sharp whistles. My! Wan't she start? Thinks I to myself, "Little more you've got your hands full." What did she do? Why jes' hugged her up tight an' quieted her in a jiff, tellin' her, "Susie wouldn't let anything hurt her."

I found out so much. Her name was Susie. There was a man sittin' in 't other half of the seat. When I see him I began to plan it all out. Says I to myself, he's the father. He belongs to them. Maybe they've been off on a visit, an' the father is takin' them home to spend Christmas. You see, I'd kind o' got it in my head that everybody was goin' home to spend Christmas. But, thinks I to myself he needn't look so cross 'bout it. How his face had screwed into wrinkles. Looked like the little end of a pickle. And he never paid no more attention to them children than as if—

they wasn't there. Then I fell to watchin' the mother agin, and I got stirred up I tell you. You see the littlest one had gone fast asleep in her arms an' she was beginnin' to get sleepy herself. Those eyelids acted as if they had waited on 'em. Once'n a while they'd give the start of her, and her head 'ud give a quick little bob but quicker'n a wink she'd be sittin' straight up, lookin' just as a brave soldier on guard.

And there the father sat looking as ugly as ever. Says I, almost out loud, "Are you made of cast-iron, or are you a brute?" I really began to wonder if he wasn't some sort of a machine when he got up and shuffled off into the smokin' car. Just the chance I wanted, you see. I took possession, and being sort o' rough, I scart all the sleep out of her eyes, I reckon.

"Little gal, I've come over to git acquainted," says I. "That's your sister, and your father is takin' you home to spend Christmas I suppose."

"Oh no, sir. He's Uncle Joseph."

Her voice trembled a little, but I noticed she didn't hold on to her sister quite so hard as she did before I spoke. Thinks I, what a dunce not to have known that he wasn't a father.

"And he's takin' you home?"

She sort o' hesitated; "No, sir; I guess—yes sir, to the home."

"The home?" says I. Then I thought, "O, the orphan's home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to go?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Smith says it ain't a bad place."

But I saw her lookin' mighty anxious in spite of its not bein' a bad place. "And who's Mrs. Smith?"

She lived 'cross the way, and gave Kittie cookies, and let us play with baby. I don't know what Kittie'll do without seeing 'Tabby'."

This last was ended up with a little sigh and an anxious look at Kittie. While they were eatin' some knick-knacks I bought, I was guessin' at the whole story. That old fellow was sendin' them off and no mistake. Wanted to get rid of them, likely. Finally I asked her whether she'd been livin' with her mother or Uncle Joseph. The poor little creature checked right up, but didn't cry. Not a bit of it. Too plucky for that.

"Uncle Joseph," she said. "Mother's been dead a long time, Kittie couldn't member, but I guess it's most a year."

Says I: "I've got two little fellows, but I ain't seen 'em a long time. I brought 'em a whole box full o' playthings. Wouldn't you like to go home with me and help 'em have a good time?"

How Susie's eyes sparkled! But she showed the mother she 't out. Said she, in turn, to the little one: "Kittie would like to go with the kind gentleman, wouldn't she?"

For answer, Kittie nestled a close and I tell you it somehow made me feel kind a tender. Hadn't had any little folks for most a year, you see. And her sayin' "Kitty, too. You know how 'tis. There ain't any bleaser thing outside Heaven than gittin' the faith o' little folks, I reckon. Fact is, we's jest fairly gittin' acquainted with 'em. Uncle Joseph come in. I hustled back to my seat. Felt as if the plague was comin'. What a terrible thinkin' I kept up after I settled down to the car seat. Says I to myself: "John, what is your duty? Don't be rash. What would Mary think o' such a Christmas present? You ain't got any little gals, an' you've got enough to take care o' some with. And then supposin' you and Mary had been took away from your boys when you was poor, what would you've wanted folks to do by them?"

Didn't take me long to answer that. I looked at it on all sides, and was so stirred up I got right up, an' began to talk business with Uncle Joseph on the spur o' the minute. Wasn't he a tough one, though? Wanted me to pay him; but I soon fixed him, and made him sign my paper. Don't know how I did it. But when the whole thing was done, I jest picked up them little ones an' took possession o' 'em. Didn't they git taken care of the rest of the journey, though?

I confess I worried a little 'bout Mary. She's the best woman in the world, but what she'd say to havin' an orphan asylum turned in on her I didn't know. We got there at last. It was the joyfulest comin' home I ever had. Mary an' the boys were there. The boys grown a mite bigger, to be sure, but with their mother's eyes shinin' under their foreheads, so there was no mistakin' 'em. I trotted out my little waifs, and told her and the boys that there were some little gals I had picked an' brought home for a Christmas present. She jest took 'em right into her motherly heart, but I could see she didn't understand 'twas for life. Of course Mary and I had a good deal to talk 'bout while the children was gittin' acquainted: so much that I didn't tell 'em a whole plan 'bout them children. We had talked a long time, in fact the little folks were in bed when I rather hinted it to her.

"Why, John!" said she, jest as she used to when I was headlong 'bout business.

Says I: "Mary, I couldn't help it."

"But," says she, "it's so sudden. You don't know anythin' 'bout the family. There may be bad blood, John."

Says I: "Mary, I'll tell you the whole story, and you decide whether we'll turn them little gals away."

Well—I told her, an' if she didn't git to cryin' outright, then 'twas somethin' that looked mighty like tears. Says she: "John, we'll try." And sir, we've been tryin' it ever since.

Sorry? did you ask? Never, sir.

BISMARCK'S FIRST LOVE.

Statement that She Once Resided in Minnesota.

Correspondence of a Hungarian Paper.

For some months there resided in the family of a neighboring land proprietor (in the Toronto Comitatus) a lady, past the age of 60, who in her youth was Bismarck's first love. She was born at Greifswald, where her parents let rooms to young students attending the university in that town. About the year 1840 a certain Count St., who later on made a brilliant military career, lived at their house and frequently received the visits of a fellow-student from the Agricultural academy. This visitor was Otto von Bismarck, who soon conceived a tender affection for the 10-year-old Josephine, the daughter of the house, and manifested his sentiments in serenades and similar spectacular tokens of his affection. Owing to some unpleasant little conflicts with the academical authorities, he was obliged to leave Greifswald, his departure, however, in no way preventing him from addressing the most tender and touching epistles to the sweetheart left behind. In one of these missives he formally sued for Josephine's hand, which, however, was promptly refused him by the parents, who strongly objected to give their daughter to "so ill-reputed a young man." Thereupon, in 1842, the correspondence ceased altogether. Josephine's parents, who had met with sad financial reverses through the instrumentality of their own spendthrift son, emigrated to America (Minnesota) in 1845, and afterwards went to Brooklyn to live, where in 1852, after much reluctance on her part, Josephine became the wife of a Hungarian emigrant and dealer in petroleum, J. H.—cs by name, who took her to New York. H—cs died in 1872, and by invitation of his sister, married to Mr. Gy—here, Josephine has recently come to Hungary to spend the rest of her days. Mrs. H—cs faithfully preserves the pieces of poetry addressed her by Otto von Bismarck.

Origin of Petroleum.

The interesting question as to the origin of petroleum has recently been revived in the scientific discussions of the day, but with no other result than the usual divergence of opinion, excepting in the following instances, among others:

According to Prof. Peckham's views, this substance is the normal or primary product of the decomposition of animal or vegetable organism—chiefly the former—and the other varieties of bitumen, or nearly all others, exhibit, as he thinks, undoubted evidence of being products of a subsequent decomposition of petroleum. The investigations made by Prof. Lesquereux have led him to attribute its origin to the partial decomposition of low forms of marine vegetation. Again, the first-named scientist affirms his conviction that the remains of animal life have contributed much more largely to the formation of petroleum than has generally been supposed—and further, that the different varieties of petroleum are largely due to the varied forms of animal life existing during the different geological epochs.

The opinion of Dr. Sterry Hunt is of equal interest—namely, that the presence of the petroleum oils of Pennsylvania and Canada in the lower palaeozoic rocks, which contain no traces of land plants, shows that they have not in all cases been derived from terrestrial vegetation, but also from marine plants or animals.

THE CANDIDATE.

The politician, smooth and bland,
Has many winning ways,
And to and fro throughout the land
He travels all his days.

A modest man, of modest ends,
He runs reluctantly,
He's ever forced, by certain friends
A candidate to be.

It injures much his business
To be a public func,
For oftentimes while under stress,
He getteth beastly drunk.

He speaks a piece to every man,
However low and rude;
Much takes he from newspapers, and
Much is a platitude.

The beer to drink, the babes to kiss,
He hastily doth pass;
Among the agriculturists
He tramples down the grass.

He asks, with earnest bend of head,
After your family,
And be they sick, or well, or dead,
Nev' or a curse cares he.

The Passion For Diamonds.

From a New York Letter.
"Are there more diamonds worn now than ever before in this country?"
"I should say so, most decidedly. I have been in the business over thirty years, and I never knew such a rage for the stone as exists to-day. Last week I attended a garden party at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga and I saw bushels of them. This is the only way to describe the number of valuable diamonds worn there, and most of them were fine stones. Nearly every one there had big solitaires in rings or earrings. You see the finest diamonds are worn solitaires in studs, rings, and earrings, while for bracelets and hairpins an inferior stone may be used; as they are not so conspicuous. I noticed one thing, however, at the Grand Union—nine-tenths of the diamonds were not clean. Dust settles on everything, and it is astonishing how little care a woman will give to her diamonds. They carefully inspect their gloves and shoes before completing their toilets, but their diamonds, worth often thousands of dollars, receive no attention, become dirty, and sometimes are lost. A lady customer of mine lost a very valuable diamond, after possessing it eight years. If she had been in the habit of giving the gem any attention, she would have noticed that a setting of eighteen-carat gold will wear out in time and lose its grip on the stone. The large solitaire diamond is now preferred to the cluster. Few diamonds are now worn by gentlemen, except in the case of young men anxious for display. Here and there a gentleman will wear solitaires on his shirt bosom, but if he has good taste he will be careful that they are small or he may be taken for a gambler. It is astonishing how much money is represented in the diamonds worn by ladies on 'swell' occasions. It is a common thing in New York society to see \$10,000 or \$20,000 in diamonds on a lady's person. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has been known to wear \$50,000 worth of diamonds at an evening reception, and I should say that the diamonds worn by Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt at the garden party I spoke of were worth fully that amount of money. Mrs. Mackay, wife of the 'bonanza king' once offered to buy the famous 'Regent' diamond, the most valuable in the world. It is valued at a mere million, but the French government wouldn't sell it."

The Great Wheat Raiser.

Fargo Letter to a Springfield Republican.
Twenty miles west from here are the famous wheat farms managed by Dalrymple. As we rode over them a dozen steam-threshers, each threshing over 1,000 bushels daily, were at work. In every direction teams were hauling grain to them to be threshed. Others were hauling to the depot hard by piling bags upon the platforms, filling the elevator or loading the trains—grain in the shock, grain in the stack or grain in transit, met the eye to the utmost range of vision. Dalrymple has harvested 30,000 acres this season; estimated yield about 600,000 bushels. It is a mistaken idea at the east that this is all from his own lands. The fact is but a small portion is his own. Coming here bankrupt eastern capitalists, who owned a large extent of territory and for which there was then no sale, offered to let him buy a half interest on these conditions: They to furnish land at so much an acre, all the money necessary to carry on operations, charging 8 per cent. on the whole investment. Whenever he could pay up, he was to have one-half of the land. So far favorable seasons, good crops and prices have favored him, and it is understood he has got possession of some 4000 acres. Whether he will succeed in the whole undertaking is yet problematical.

A Bad Year for Circuses.

From the New York Sun.
This has been a bad season for the employees of circuses. Rarely has there been a time when more of them have come to grief. In May, Elizabeth Davene, a trapeze performer, died in this city from the effects of a fall received in one of her performances. There have been several railroad accidents to circus trains in which performers were killed and maimed. In Kentucky, last week, two men were killed in a collision, and Louisa Montague, better known as the "\$10,000 beauty," was severely injured, her face being badly lacerated. On Monday, Rosina Richardson, Barnum's fat woman, died, and that same night, in Tennessee, Kinkade, a famous circus tumbler, "missed his tips" in turning a somersault, broke his head, and was killed. These are but a few of the many recent mishaps. There has also been heavy loss to circus proprietors by the death of lions, tigers, elephants and other animals which have here and there fallen victims to the hardships incidental to a summer on the road.

Love strikes a snag: The penciled light of the evening star was glancing through the foliage at the casement as she bent toward him and said: "You remember that exquisite stanza of Tennyson's commencing, 'Trust me, Clara Vere do Vere'?" "Yes, yes," he answered eagerly, "I remember, but she wouldn't do it, her father was a pawnbroker." And their souls took different paths from that night.

Nautical, also naughty: At the beach the other night a dog that had gone into the water for a piece of driftwood found some difficulty in reaching the shore. "What is he endeavoring to do?" said Aramix to Julian. "Trying to nudge his bark on the wild New England shore, I should think," was the impertinent response.

PHENIA'S WAY.

By Rose Terry Cook.

"You are very silly, En' Phenia."

"I dare say you don't think me very wise, mamma; but a person can't be convicted of extreme silliness on a count."

"Let the matter drop, my dear, if you please. We won't argue it. You have consented to wait until September before a final decision, and that is a thing too disagreeable for discussion." Mrs. Bayard drew her soft shawl gracefully about her and left the room.

If ever a body was "born to the purple" in this republican country, Euphemia Bayard had been. Her father belonged to one of the oldest families and her mother counted Dutch ancestors back to the time when that stolid nation "took Holland." The Vanderweers had been rich before Mrs. Bayard's time. She was the seventh daughter of a ninth son, and the family wealth would not bear such infinitesimal division as this, for all the nine sons had their own families, and a million would fade fast under division and subdivision. She married Mr. Bayard because he had position and money, and why he married her nobody knew. Perhaps he did not. She was tall, thin, green-eyed, dull-haired, and cold-blooded as a fish; graceful and stylish, it is true, but, to travesty an old quotation, "Look in her face, and you forget all." Mr. Bayard was a handsome, genial, prosperous young fellow when they were married, and Euphemia, their only child, was tended and educated like a princess. Velvet and Valenciennes, swansdown and linen cambric were scarcely good enough to lap her tiny lovely shape, and two nurses combined with her mother to spoil her utterly; but she inherited from her father keen sense, quick perception, humor and generosity and deep feeling. These went far to atone for the high temper the educated selfishness and the wilful disposition of Miss Phenia.

It would have been better for her if her father had lived, but at six years old she lost him. He was killed instantly by a fall from a too spirited horse which he was trying, and Phenia only had a childish memory left.

She grew up under the most expensive governesses and the most fashionable finishing schools, petted and admired, pampered with every luxury, and her vanity fed and fostered every hour. That she had her own way was a foregone conclusion; but her character was so strong that it asserted itself even in its wilfulness, and "Phenia's way" was proverbial, both at home and at school.

At 18 she came out in society, beautiful, accomplished and headstrong. Mrs. Bayard had spent all these years since her husband's death in a recklessly extravagant life, and now, to her great surprise, found her property was depreciated and her income suddenly lessened. She repaired at once to her husband's lawyer, and, having learned the full state of the case, determined, entirely against his advice, to sell everything she owned and buy an annuity. In vain old Mr. Paine represented to her that this would utterly impoverish her daughter, in case of her own death.

"I cannot help that," she replied, with a cool selfishness that chilled him. "I can never live, nor can Phenia, without our accustomed luxuries. She must marry well; and she cannot do that without an entrance of the right sort into society. I trust she will not need much more. I think not." And Mrs. Bayard's green eyes flashed with a pride that might be called maternal, but did not deserve so sacred a name. So she bought a handsome annuity, without consulting or even informing Euphemia, the property having all been left in her hands, and then gave the lady a triumphant introduction into society.

But scarcely had she appeared upon the stage, when Mrs. Bayard's mother died, and since Phenia must be withdrawn at once from the scene of her glories, Mrs. Bayard resolved to send her for the early part of the summer out to Desborough; a country town of some importance high among the Massachusetts hills. Here under the wing of an old aunt of Mr. Bayard she would not be seen too much to make her future debut stale and unprofitable, and she would acquire a freshness of complexion that the boarding school up at Easter, and a fortnight of bulls directly after, had a good deal impaired.

Aunt Allen was a clergyman's widow, a lovely, gentle old lady, living in a square white house, set in its grassy yard like a flower on a leaf, and canopied with drooping elms. Phenia was charmed. Her city elegancies and affections fell back like calyx from a rosebud, and she delighted her aunt Allen by her keen enjoyment, her common sense, her desire to learn all wholesome country ways, and her unaffected interest in everything.

Nobody in Desborough knew more of the pretty Miss Bayard than the fact that she was Mrs. Allen's niece, and, as she laid away her finery her mother and maid had packed into her trunk, and contented herself with gowns of delicate lawn and printed cambric, with now and then a white dress for Sunday, and nobody there knew enough to recognize the hand of the artist in the exquisite simplicity of these garments, or to know that the little chip hat, with its gold buckle and floating feather, was really fresh from Paris. She was not suspected of being rich nor fashionable; and being very pretty, merry and good natured, she soon made friends in Desborough, and moreover, carried away captive the heart of Mr. Mather, the lawyer of the place, a handsome, intelligent young fellow, come of a good race, sturdy and self-reliant, only—he was poor! But this did not disturb Euphemia. She fell in love with him as simply as if Arcadia was her birth-place; and before her signal of recall came, both were plunged fathoms deep in honest, old-fashioned passion, with which society and money have no more to do than they have with Heaven.

Aunt Allen did not interfere, for she saw no reason to. It was all right in her worldly eyes. She knew Stephen Mather was good enough for anybody, as she had often declared, and both she and Phenia thought John Bayard's daughter would have enough for them both. Phenia, however, made Aunt Allen vow to keep her secret; it pleased her mightily to hear her lover spin his webs for the future, calculate his income, discuss ways and means, and praise the neat and simple style of her wardrobe.

"The delightful goose!" she horrified aunt Allen by saying one day, when Stephen was scarce out of the gate. "He thinks I'm a paragon of economy. He doesn't dream that Dobson charged me \$25 apiece for making these lawn dresses, and that every scrap of lace on them is real thread."

"I'm sure he don't," sighed aunt Allen

herself at the revelation; but Phenia only laughed, clapped her little hands together, and walked out into the kitchen, where she at once teased and pleased Hannah, the factotum of the house, by trying to learn all sorts of cooking. And she succeeded astonishingly. Common sense, a clear head and deft fingers are as successful in the kitchen as everywhere else. Her mother sniffed much (mentally, of course) at this new freak when Phenia boasted of it in her letters.

Euphemia said no more. She set her red lips tight, to shut in the torrent of disgust and dismay that threatened to pour itself on her mother's head, and locked herself into her room, to think it out and write to Stephen.

She faced the question of her life courageously. Had she the power to accept a situation and endure it? Could she be calmly and happily, or would the absence of these appliances of comfort and luxury weaken her strength, chafe her temper, and make both her and Stephen wretched when their love should be time-worn? She blushed to think so meanly of herself. Her courage rose at sight of difficulties. She sat down at once and wrote a calm letter to her lover, relating the new aspect of affairs as curiously as possible without an expression of opinion or feeling on her own part, or even hinting at any possible suspicion of their engagement.

"I will not insult him," she said to herself, as she closed the envelope and rose to take it to the letter-box; and a warm flush lit her face at the thought. She could trust Stephen she knew.

And Stephen read all between the lines of that letter that Phenia thought. His answer was immediate, and he brought it himself.

"I am so glad!" were his first audible words. "You have relieved the only dread I had, my darling. I did not want you to have what I could not give you. I want to take care of my wife, Phenia, and not have her help me."

Mrs. Bayard was disgusted, hopelessly with this state of things. Her selfish soul neither thought nor cared what Stephen and Euphemia must think of her heartless provision for herself alone. She left Newport in a rage and went to the White Mountains, though first she consented with an ill grace to be present at a very early wedding. The little world of Newport was astonished at this unexpected event, and held up their hands in horror when they heard the happy man was only a poor lawyer.

"Just Phenia Bayard's way!" said Mrs. Bayard.

But what did Phenia and Stephen care? No more than a pair of robins whose nest is ready for them. Phenia found poverty not so dreadful as its shadow. She accepted the situation fully and cheerfully, wore her old finery on Sunday with good grace, and came down to calico and alpaca on week days with a hearty good will. She electrified Stephen by her skill at cooking, and sung about the house at her work all day long. It is true that troubles came; but they were the small stings of life, and she learned to treat them with comparative indifference. Her little house was bright, sunny and exquisitely neat. It looked like a veritable doll's house to Aunt Allen, whose hair furniture and stiff-backed chairs, set about her ample rooms, admitting no modern amenities of gay or graceful drapery; but Stephen thought his house perfection.

"Think of it!" moaned Mrs. Bayard to a sympathetic friend. "Phenia actually does the cooking and the sweeping and the dusting! I never heard anything so dreadful! Marian Symmes has just been there to see her, and she told me all about it. Poor Phenia! But she always would have her way."

And Marian Symmes, sitting on the piazza outside the window where the complaint was made, laughed at the recollections of the home she had just left; a home so overflowing with peace and love and friendliness to all about, that she thought it might be best for some other people to follow Phenia's way.

only of their discipline, but also of their physique. With a copious admixture of Reserves and Landwehr men on a war footing they might possibly be so, but as they appeared to-day to the eye of the impartial observer the best of them assuredly did not look at all equal to the household troops of England. Nothing, however, but praise can be said of their efficiency in drill, as manifested, at least, by the way in which they passed the salutary point-to-day. The peculiar way they step out on parade, lifting the foot from the hip instead of the knee, and keeping their eyes, not in front, as in England, but on the reviewing commander, as if the preception of orders were a thing of sight instead of hearing, all gives an appearance of machine-like precision and rigidity, which, though very artificial, is very effective.

The Ways of Husbands.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good by, dear," in tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, providing always the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and "good by, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something they were anxious to forget; holding their heads down and darting around the first corner. Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that the wife will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning around at the last point of observation, and waving back an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home jolly and happy, unscathed by the world; others sulky and surly with its disappointments.

Some husbands bring home newspapers or books and busy themselves for the evening in their contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa till bedtime.

Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of the house taking fire. Depend upon it that home is the happiest where kindness, interest, politeness, and attention are the rules on the part of the husband. Husbands, take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope; then temptation finds no footing.

Miss Grundy writes from Long Branch to the Hartford Post. "General Grant does not expect to open his cottage again this autumn. He had closed it before the president's death, and Mrs. Grant has gone to New York to prepare to move into their new house. Their daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, will sail with her husband and three children next week for New York, and will spend a month, perhaps more, with her parents. Colonel Fred Grant will spend the winter in Texas, and his wife and two children will remain with general and Mrs. Grant in New York."

BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DEY GOODS.

DAN EISENBERG, Dry Goods and Notions, No. 45 Main street.

W. B. WATSON, Dry Goods and Notions, No. 60 Main street.

GROCERIES.

W. H. THURSTON & CO., Wholesale Grocers, No. 75 Main street.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO., Wholesale Grocers, No. 47 Main street.

AUSTIN LOGAN, Groceries and Bakery, No. 20 North Third street.

JOHN YEGEN, Groceries and Bakery, No. 9 Main street.

M. P. SLATTERY, General Groceries, No. 24 North Third street.

JOSEPH THEFAULT, Family Groceries, No. 17 North Fifth street.

CLOTHING.

SIG HANAUEI, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings, No. 46 Main street.

M. EPPINGER, Clothing and Furnishings, No. 72 Main street.

JOHN LUDEWIG, Clothing and Furnishings, No. 82 Main street.

JEWELERS.

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO., No. 38 Main street.

H. H. DAY, No. 32 Main street.

LUMBER.

C. S. WEAVER & CO., Wholesale Lumber Dealers, No. 14 South Third street.

N. DUNKLEBERG, Lumber Dealer, Cor. Front and Third streets.

JOHN P. HOAGLAND, Wholesale Lumber, Cor. Sixth and Main streets.

HARDWARE.

D. I. BAILEY & CO., General Hardware, No. 84 Main street.

GEORGE PEOPLES, General Hardware, No. 48 Main street.

O. H. BEAL, Hardware and Gunsmith, No. 36 Main street.

DRUGGISTS.

W. M. A. HOLLEMBACK, Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.

J. P. DUNN & CO., Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.

PETERSON, VEEDER & CO., Drugs and Medicines, No. 32 Main street.

CROCKERY.

JOHN WHALEN, Crockery and Glassware, No. 44 Main street.

MARKETS.

JUSTUS BRAGG, Montana Market, No. 26 Main street.

T. W. GRIFFIN, General Market, No. 72 Main street.

REAL ESTATE.

J. A. EMMONS, Real Estate Agent, No. 68 Main street.

W. M. S. BENNETT, Real Estate Agent, No. 94 Main street.

F. LANNERY & WETHERLY, Real Estate Agents, No. 47 Main street.

HOTELS.

SHERIDAN HOUSE, E. H. Big, Proprietor, Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

MERCHANTS HOTEL, Marsh & Wakeman, Proprietors, No. 50 Main street.

WESTERN HOUSE, J. G. Malloy, Proprietor, No. 96 Main street.

CUSTER HOTEL, Thos. McGowan, Proprietor, No. 13 North Fifth street.

PACIFIC HOTEL, Louis Peterson, Proprietor, No. 31 North Fourth street.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, Leo & Atchison, Proprietors, No. 14 Second street.

RIVER HOTEL, Wm. Eades, Proprietor, Steamboat Landing.

CONFECTIONERY.

HARRY BARRETT, No. 86 Main street.

W. H. STIMPSON, No. 64 Main street.

WALTER STERLAND, No. 68 Main street.

AMUSEMENTS.

BISMARCK OPERA HOUSE, Sam. Whitney, Proprietor, No. 60 Main street.

DELPHIA VARIETIES, E. J. Truax, Proprietor, No. 16 North Fourth street.

ARCADE GARDEN, Den Howe & Co., Proprietors, No. 102 Main street.

STEAMBOAT LINES.

COULSON LINE, D. W. Maratta, Superintendent, No. 12 South Fourth street.

NORTHWEST TRANSPORTATION CO., J. C. O'Connor, Agent, No. 9 North Fourth street.

BENTON "P" LINE, L. P. Baker, Agent, No. 71 Main street.

YELLOWSTONE LINE, Joseph Leighton, Manager, St. Paul.

BANKS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, No. 58 Main street.

BANK OF BISMARCK, No. 47 Main street.

FURNITURE.

J. C. CADDY, No. 19 North Third street.

LAMBERT & LAVINE, No. 41 Main street.

TAILORS.

T. J. TULLY, No. 28 Main street.

GOULD & DAHL, No. 30 1/2 Main street.

SAMPLE ROOMS.

ASA FISHER, Wholesale Liquors, No. 94 Main street.

LOUIS WESTHAUSER, No. 22 Main street.

W. M. BERKLEMAN & CO., No. 28 1/2 Main street.

QUINLAN & HALLORAN, No. 56 Main street.

C. R. WILLIAMS, No. 52 Main street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAKER & GOODING, City Booting Works, Front street, between Fourth and Fifth.

J. H. MARSHALL, Boots and Shoes, No. 46 Main street.

A. W. DRIGGS, Painter, No. 6 West Main street.

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., Blanketing, Corner Third and Thayer streets.

RACE BROS., Harness Makers, 46 1/2 Main street.

F. J. CALL, Insurance Agent, No. 14 South Third street.

GEO. LOUNSBERRY, News Stand, Postoffice.

CONN MALLOY, Livery Stable, No. 17 North Fourth street.

MANDAN BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARPENTER & CARY, Law and Real Estate.

WALTER DRAPER, Hardware.

FRANK FARNSWORTH, Dry Goods.

WARD & BAHR, Dry Goods.

MEAD & CARR, Real Estate Agents.

F. M. FRENCH, Lumber Dealer.

HAGER BROS., Lumber Dealers.

B. L. WINSTON & CO., Druggists.

M. LANG, Groceries.

L. GILL, Wines and Liquors.

H. McBRATNEY, Sample Room.

E. H. MURRAY, Sign and Carriage Painter.

T. J. MITCHELL, Real Estate Agent.

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third street, St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter, No. 31 Robert street, St. Paul.

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MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner of Third street and First Avenue North. \$2 per day, located in the very center of business, two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge. Street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

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OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed Stable, Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle-Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates. My Buggies and Harness are new, and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any given point can be accommodated at fair rates. My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.

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And of the whole Northwest, who contemplate visiting Chicago and the East, and who desire to travel over the BEST ROUTE, should purchase tickets over the

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When going to Chicago and the East, ask for tickets through Elroy and Madison, and when going to Yankton, Omaha, Kansas City and the Southwest, ask for tickets through Sioux City, and you will have the satisfaction of riding over one of the best roads in the United States, and that road is the

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LOCAL LEAVINGS.

Mandan news on the sixth page this morning.

How about that home dramatic society? Is it dead?

Tripe and pigs' feet at Kupitz market, Fourth street.

Ladies seal hats at Ransom & Horton's parlors, Sheridan House.

The pay roll on the extension amounted for last month to \$310,000.

John Whalen has put down a new sidewalk in front of his store.

Patent process flour is the best, and J. Fridlund has just received a car load.

Bogus & Schreck have been painting and otherwise beautifying their quarters.

Twelve new watches will be raffled off at the Minnehaha on the evening of the 29th.

Geo. McArthur will raffle his fine breech leading shot-gun next week, at the White House.

A social party will be given at the Metropolitan Hotel this evening, and another at the Pacific.

By a telegram received yesterday it is learned that the Vincent troupe will arrive this evening.

Ed. Sloan has proven himself the best goose hunter, having killed upward of 126 geese within three weeks.

Another season Superintendent Hobart will have 700 miles of railroad in Dakota under his immediate supervision.

A few seem to have read the notice in the TRIBUNE regarding sidewalks, but still many repairs are needed.

Fine fur trimmings and novelties in fur collars, muffis, etc., at Ransom & Horton's parlors, Sheridan House.

Oysters in any quantity from one can to ten dozen cans, at T. W. Griffin. Orders from military posts promptly filled.

The pay car came in from the east last evening, and goes west today. An escort for it came down from Camp Porter yesterday.

T. W. Griffin has received 1,000 bushels of potatoes, and has them safely housed. Let the potato hungry populace bear this in mind.

The Rose Bud and the Helena passed Stevenson on the way down last evening. The Tompkins passed Poplar Creek Wednesday evening.

The steamer Benton met the Butte at the tobacco gardens Monday and exchanged trips. On the return trip the Benton passed Stevenson yesterday noon.

Men find all sorts of reasons for not becoming religious, but there are none of them equal to that of the Glendive boy who didn't want to be born again for fear of being born a girl.

The Episcopal church of Mandan will hold services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 noon. Strangers are cordially invited to attend Rev. J. G. Miller, rector.

Benjamin Brown charged with assault on the person of the watchman on the Niobrara was examined yesterday before Justice Hare. An alibi was clearly proven and the defendant discharged.

Because of the continued illness of his child, Mr. F. J. Call was unable to prepare the copy for his full page advertisement that was to have appeared this morning. It will, however, appear in a day or two.

Owing to the difficulty in getting cars, Bly & Thompson are unable to fill their orders for coal as promptly as they wish to. They have now orders on hand for 780 tons, about 65 car loads. The coal is in demand as far east as Minneapolis and Duluth.

The Rose Bud leaves on Saturday for Yankton. Should any desire passage they will find this one of the best boats on the river, and one could almost afford to make the trip to Yankton in order to enjoy the pleasure of a trip with its officers.

Justus Bragg will soon advertise for proposals to lay the stone foundation for his brick store building on Fourth street. The building will be of brick, 24x80, with a fifty foot stone cellar. The old building now on the lot will be moved back for a store house, shop, etc.

The Odd Fellows of Dakota do not seem to have much faith in the speedy division of the territory. They selected their grand master from Bismarck and called the next session of the Grand lodge of Dakota at Fargo, a year and a half hence—Sioux City Journal.

Two thousand sheep were shipped through here yesterday from Montana. They are the property of Mr. Hatch, who will sell them in Minneapolis or St. Paul, providing fair prices can be got. If not, they will be taken through to Chicago. Mr. H. sold 1,000 sheep last week at the Union stock yards between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and realized a handsome profit.

The Bismarck lyceum meets at the Methodist church to-night, and it is hoped

that all who are interested in maintaining the organization through the winter will be present. An interesting entertainment consisting of music, readings and recitations, will be given. The question for discussion is, "Resolved, that intemperance has been the cause of more evil than war."

T. Bellows, contracting builder of the North Pacific railway bridge at Bismarck, has left Chicago with a locomotive, twenty-five flat cars, a steam excavating shovel and bridge supplies, purchased at Chicago, Toledo and Lafayette. These supplies will soon arrive and the work on the bridge will then progress with renewed activity.

Capt. Charley Wolfolk, who has been in command of the North Pacific transfer No. 2, is en route to St. Louis. He will proceed to Pittsburg and buy or have built a boat to be used in carrying bridging material from the end of the North Pacific track to points farther up the Yellowstone where it is needed. The boat will be of the same general plan as the transfer No. 2, with boilers well on either side, so as to leave a way clear through the center of the deck.

The steamer Benton is detained about twelve miles above Bismarck with a broken doctor. She is advertised to leave today for the lower river. She has about fifty passengers, thirty bound east. Among the passengers are Wm. Pye, N. P. Carr, Miss McKenney, Miss Hopkins, of St. Louis, and Lieut. O'Brien, of Assiniboine, Miss Edgar and daughter, of Judith; Mr. D. P. Barry, also a passenger, accompanied by Mr. Carr, left the boat and arrived on foot at six o'clock last evening.

Gen. Haupt and the government inspectors are expected to return from Glendive by special train to-morrow. Their mission has been to inspect and approve of the road from a point fifty miles this side of Glendive to the end of the track. Beside General Manager Haupt, the party consists of George Cross, superintendent of transportation, his private secretary, Mr. Stephenson, the government inspector, Messrs. G. B. Shepherd, of St. Paul, E. Clark, of Iowa City, and Mr. Burns, of Mansfield, Ohio.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Frank M. Taylor, of Dawson, is in the city.

Theodore Borup, of Fort Custer is at the Sheridan.

Mrs. Foster, of Glendive, came in from the west last evening.

S. E. Kennedy, of Standing Rock agency, is at the Sheridan.

Mrs. McLaughlin, of Fort Yates, came in from the east last night.

Frank J. Mead and Lovett Gill, of Mandan, were in the city yesterday.

Col. H. C. Aikin arrived last evening and is registered at the Sheridan house.

John Leasure and party have returned from the Yellowstone. They killed thirteen buffalo.

Mrs. W. A. Burleigh and son came down from Miles City last evening en route to Yankton.

Alex. McKenzie returned from Fargo last evening. Hayes and Profit, the highwaymen, were left in the United States jail at Fargo.

General Manager Haupt, Mr. Cross and the government inspectors left yesterday on a special for St. Paul.

A. Drysdale, northern passenger agent of the Chicago & Alton Railroad is making his first visit to Bismarck.

H. B. Farry, of Cincinnati, is at the Sheridan house. He visits Standing Rock in company with Mr. Kennedy and E. K. Foote in the interest of Harper's Weekly.

Lieut. English, Lieut. J. D. Mann and Fred Girard are at the Sheridan house. English and Girard came in from the Apple Creek region last night loaded with ducks.

Mr. J. H. Horton arrived last night and will be at the Sheridan house parlors as per appointment only a little behind time caused by the large trade at Fargo and Moorhead.

O. B. Judd and Jos. Letts, of Ripon, Wis., returned last evening from Glendive. They are looking along the line in search of land for a large colony, and leave this morning with a good impression of the country about Bismarck. Mr. Letts had the pleasure of firing several times at a herd of buffalo.

Rufus Payne, Fort Benton, H. K. Glahn, and A. Rystrom, N. Y.; Mrs. W. M. Coleman, Glendive; W. Hall, St. Paul; B. Benton and J. L. Scott, Buffalo; T. W. Cappeleon, Glendive; Mrs. C. F. Bishop, B. W. Burleigh, Yankton; Mrs. Ada Parker, G. Sheriff, Alex. Sheriff, and Mr. Galvin and F. J. Rupp, St. Paul, are at the Sheridan House.

Mr. F. Jay Haynes returned last evening from his Yellowstone park trip, where he succeeded in getting over 200 views of the wonderful country. While in the park he selected the ten acres of ground leased him by the government for the establishment of a National Art Studio, which he will build as soon as the North Pacific reaches the park.

DAKOTA ODD FELLOWS.

Meeting of the Grand Lodge at Yankton—Dr. Wm. A. Bentley Chosen Grand Master.

[St. Paul Globe.]

The Odd Fellows in Dakota territory are keeping pace with the advancement of that remarkable section of the country. They have thirty one lodges with a membership of over 1,100. The grand lodge held its fifth anniversary at Yankton on the 12th, 13th and 14th insts. At the conclusion of the routine business the Yankton lodge gave their visiting brethren a splendid banquet.

The Press and Dakotian says of it: "The entertainment consisted of a programme of music, interspersed with brief addresses by resident and visiting Odd Fellows, the feature of the evening being the able address of the newly elected Grand Master, Dr. Wm. A. Bentley.

Dr. Bentley was formerly of St. Paul, but a few years ago he removed to Bismarck. Last year he was elected deputy grand master at the annual meeting at Sioux Falls, and this year was unanimously promoted to the head of the order in the territory. Many old friends here can commend the wisdom of the Dakota brethren in their choice.

Preceding the banquet Dr. Bentley delivered an eloquent address, which appears in full in the Dakotian. We make room for the following extract:

"I knew a man once, and I regret to say, a church member, who said he would get rich if he would go to hell to pay for it, and he did not get rich—he got the first part of it and perhaps he may now enjoy the latter portion mentioned. Beecher and Canna Farrar's theory to the contrary notwithstanding; but I am somewhat digressing. I wish merely to bring into strong contrast a sentiment which finds an abiding place in almost every man's heart, and the teachings of Odd Fellowship which regards man for what he is himself—for his manhood. It places him in the scales and weighs him for what his manhood is worth—for just what his fidelity to the principles of the order will vouch for, not his gold nor his notoriety, but for what his private life is worth, for the good deeds done, the kind words spoken, for the fidelity and honor with which he has bravely maintained the right and combatted wrong; such are its teachings, and it not only demands allegiance from its members but it encourages such principles beyond its jurisdiction outside of the lodge room. Its influence is ever in this direction. An Odd Fellows' lodge is a fountain from which should ever flow the healing tide of peace and love, of charity and kindness to all mankind, and a safe and sure asylum to all brethren who are loyal to its teachings. Its influence upon society is to build up every enterprise which is calculated to make men better and happier; it directs men into paths of sobriety and usefulness, and in view of the fact that the world has always a hatchet to cut down, but no hammer to build up. Its mission is to see no wrong done its numerous brethren. Yes, we are brothers, my brethren. Do we realize all that term implies? It is not an empty puff of air, but it means something. Aye, it means man's whole duty to his fellow man. It means that we have pledged ourselves to be true to these principles of good which permeate the great realms of the universe. * * * Remember we are pledged to sustain truth, honesty and fidelity, and may it ever be impressed upon our minds that whatever betide to our beloved order, we owe a true and faithful allegiance—so true that when life's faithful lover o'er, and the sound of the supreme grand master's gavel wakes us to a realizing sense of our immortality, we may be as one sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

At the Restaurant.

(Burdette.)

"This is the porterhouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porterhouse steak, sir; same as you ordered, sir." "Do you cut your porterhouse steak from between the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "Sir?" said the waiter. "It seemed to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, "but I remember now; it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porterhouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the sirloins from the shin. But I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding house where they cut the porterhouse between the horns, and this one reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from?" "Dead!" echoed the waiter,

"course, sir. He was butchered, sir." "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well, it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is a brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked puzzled. "Why, sir," he said, "there ain't nothing left of 'em when customers gets through with 'em, sir." "Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?" The waiter looked nervous. "What?" he said; "the customers eat them up." The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest. "Incredible!" he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this and I will believe you. True me, good waiter, I—"

But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed "Positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for that man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.

Silver Mines on the Yellowstone.

[New York Herald.]

New and valuable silver mines have been discovered on the head of Clark's fork, a tributary of the Yellowstone river. The mines are located near the National Park and are on the Crow Indian reservation. Silver was found on Clark's fork as early as 1868 by three prospectors, but they were driven off by the Indians. In 1872 a party of miners returned to locate but were attacked by the Arapahoes and driven away. The next year they returned again, and were attacked and twenty of them killed. No further attempt to work the mines was made until 1877, and work in them had just commenced when the Nez Perces, under Joseph, came along and broke up the camp. It is now occupied for the sixth time, and twenty-seven claims have been located. The ore yields from \$500 to \$1,000 and even \$2,000 per ton. The district is very extensive and the quantity of ore inexhaustible. An officer who has been over the ground says he believes there is more silver on Clark's fork than in the whole of Florida. The mines are located in a sterile region, difficult of access, being at an elevation of perhaps 10,000 feet above the sea level and surrounded by mountains. The Crow Indians are anxious to cede the lands on which the mines are located, and have given their full and free consent to have them worked until such time as congress can act in the matter. There is little doubt that another great silver bonanza has been struck.

St. Louis and Bismarck.

Sioux City Journal.

The important railroad item came from a reliable source to the reporter yesterday that a company of capitalists have banded together to build a line from St. Louis to Bismarck. The route has already been looked over as far as Huron, D. T., and will be explored from Huron on to Bismarck at once. If it is decided to build, the entire road is to be completed within eighteen months of beginning work. Of the route nothing can be ascertained excepting that it is to be as nearly an air line as possible. It will pass not far from Sheldon, and thence direct to Sioux Falls if a way can be found through that somewhat broken country. Otherwise the line will swing somewhat to the south of its course after leaving Sheldon. One of the syndicate interested is a Cleveland gentleman, who is a large owner of the railroad iron mills at that city. Another is heavily interested in the St. Louis, Hannibal and Keokuk railroad, and it is proposed to utilize 100 miles of this road as part of the Bismarck line. It is claimed in favor of the enterprise that the proposed line will be no longer than the present track between Bismarck and Chicago. This move, the reporter's informant said, had nothing to do with Gould or the Wabash. It is entirely separate and distinct.

The Terrible Tragedy.

The thick thunder threatened torrents; the tempest tossed the trees, throwing the tender trunklets topsy turvy.

Tripping toward the town, Theresa thought, "To-night Theodore treads the tiresome thoroughfare, thinking things that—"

Thud!

The terrified truant turns to trace the threatening turmoil. There, toward the toll-gate, tramped Theodore, trying to throttle two thieves.

"Take to the timber Theresa!" thundered Theodore.

"Tell that to timid things," thought Theresa, treading tiger-like, tip-toe toward the tri. Then telling Theodore to throw the taller thief, Theresa, taking

other's toga, tied through the thickness the thief's throat.

Thus terminated the terrible trouble that threatened the twain. They turned triumphantly to town, there to tell the tale. To-morrow ties them together.

Exploring Expeditions.

[New Tacoma Ledger.]

The North Pacific and the O. R. & N. Companies, have determined to thoroughly examine the country adjacent to their system of railroads for mineral and other sources of hidden wealth, and to that end have organized a scientific party to make the explorations. Prof. Pumphelly, the head of the coal and iron department in the last census bureau, has charge of the important work, and will without delay set parties in the field in the mountains of Dakota, Idaho and Montana. The west side of the Cascades is also to be thoroughly prospected for coal, iron and the precious metals, and our townsman, G. W. Driver, has been selected to perform the work and is now in the field. He will be absent several months, perhaps all winter, if the weather permits.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Bismarck, D. T., Oct. 15, 1881, and if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

Ah King, Chas	Moore, Jas M
Baker, C M	Miles, I M
Bickard, Dr Frank	Meade, Warren L
Branham, J M	Norberg, Anton
Brakke, John	Osborn, John
Christopherson, Abram	Peterson, Frank R-2
Cook, Frank	Peterson, Joseph
Congleton, G E	Porter, Olive
De Lay, Chas	Peacock, Sergt W R
Daley, Chas E	Rider, Moses
Douvan, Jno W	Russell, Robert
Davis, Harry I	Sweet, Hiram
Erksdotter, Maria	Sweeney, Jas L
Flenniken, J D	Sweet, Jno
Griffin, Allen	Sherburne, S G
Gifford, A C	Shelton, H W
Gordon, Frank	Tobin, John
Giesler, Joseph	Tuttle, Jimmie
Hallum, Miss B	Talbot, Luke
Halloek, Chas	Williams, Cassie
Haggan, Jno W	White, Mark
Hagen, T W	Woodward, Scott
Hill, S B-3	Wilson, Wm E
Johnson, Anders	Wolke, Wm
Johnson, Edward	Wilke, Wilhelm
Kirkallie, Frank	Young, John
Lynch, Jas	Yates, Jentry
Moore, Anne	Younis, W C
Murphy, Catharine	
Moore, Ebbert J	
Mason, J H or J	
Wm Carroll	

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised,"

C. A. LOUNSBERRY,
Postmaster.

Stray Ponies.

Picked up about seventy-five miles northeast of Bismarck, two stray ponies, one a bay mare seven years old, and the other a roan horse about six years old. Any persons claiming them will be required to prove property and pay charges.

J. W. PROCTOR.

Bismarck, October 12, 1881.
411w17-21

LUMBER.

Wholesale to Dealers.

C. S. Weaver & Co.

D. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL.

Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lamé Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches. The best internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed.

Price, 50 cents and \$1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y. U. S. A.

THE CONTRAST!

While other Baking Powders are largely ADULTERATED with ALUM and other harmful drugs,

DR. PRICE'S CREAM'S BAKING POWDER

has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of ITS SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, and EFFECTIVENESS, is THE FACT of its being used to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 15 years.

A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

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